ENOCH BROWN

MONUMENT DEDICATION,

AUGUST 4, 1885,

—AND—

BOUQUET CELEBRATION

AUGUST 6, 1883.

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MEMORIAL

OF

ENOCH BROWN

AND

ELEVEN SCHOLARS,

Who Were Massacred in Antrim Township, Franklin County, Pa., by the Indians, During the Pontiac War, July 26, 1764,

CONTAINING

ADDRESSES OF GEORGE W. ZIEGLER, ESQ., REV. CYRUS CORT, HON. PETER A. WITMER, REV. F. A. WOODS AND DR. WM. H. EGLE, AND POEM OF JOHN M. COOPER, ESQ., AT THE DEDICATION OF THE ENOCH BROWN PARK AND MONUMENTS, THREE MILES NORTH OF GREENCASTLE, PA., AUGUST 4, 1885, WITH CENTENNIAL SERMONS, APPENDIX, &C.

Edited by REV. CYRUS CORT, in behalf of the Enoch Brown Monument Committee.

LANCASTER, PA.
STEINMAN & HENSEL, PRINTERS,
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CYRUS CORT,

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DEDICATION.

TO the Teachers and Scholars of all the Schools, secular and religious, in Franklin County, Pa., who aided by their contributions and their labors in securing the Enoch Brown Park and Monuments; also, to the Christian people and public-spirited citizens of the county, and of other counties, who helped along the good cause with their generous gifts, this volume is affectionately dedicated. "The righteous shall be in everlasting remembrance."

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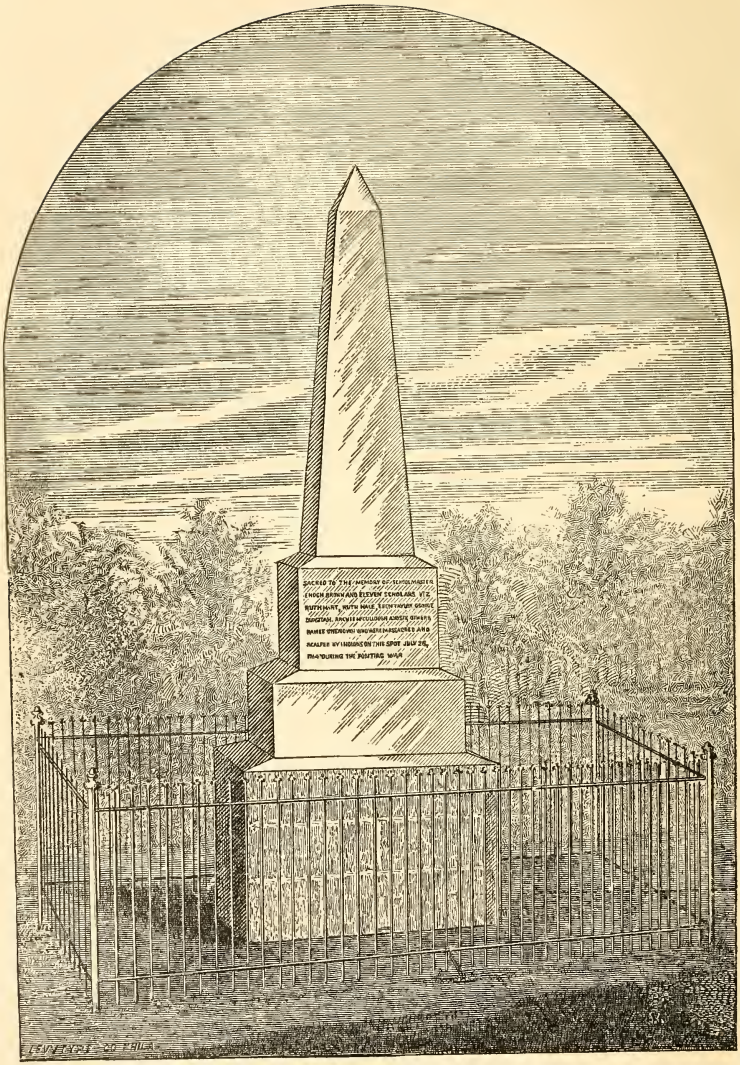

From Photo by Collins, of Greencastle, Pa.

MONUMENT ON THE SITE OF ENOCH BROWN SCHOOL HOUSE.

Enoch Brown Memorial.

INTRODUCTORY SKETCH.

A FEW years after the French and Indian Wars came the Pontiac War of 1763–4, when the great chieftain of the Ottawas marshaled the tribes between the great lakes and the Alleghenies into hostile camps against the English and their colonial subjects. His avowed purpose was to drive the red coats and pale faces into the sea. No less than ten forts between Detroit and Fort Pitt were captured, and most of their garrisons massacred. Detroit, Fort Pitt and Ligonier were closely besieged for months by the savages.

Col. Henry Bouquet with a force of about five hundred men, mostly Scotch highlanders, broke the eastern wing of Pontiac's conspiracy by defeating his confederates under Guyasutha, &c., after a desperate two days battle at Edge Hill or Bushy Run, Aug. 5 and 6, 1763. The gallant commander begged for a few hundred more troops with which to penetrate to the haunts of the Indians in central Ohio and thus bring the war to a decisive close. But the Quaker provincial authorities disregarded his appeals for the much needed reinforcements. As a consequence, prowling bands of savages made frequent raids into the settlements, killing and scalping the pioneer settlers in Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia regardless of age, sex or condition. In one of these forays into the Cumberland Valley on the twenty-sixth day of July, 1764, there was perpetrated, what Parkman, the historian of Colonial times, pronounces "an out-

rage unmatched in fiendish atrocity through all the annals of the war."

This was the cold-blooded massacre of Enoch Brown, a worthy Christian school-master, and eleven scholars, at a little log school-house in Antrim township, three miles north of where Greencastle now stands.

Eight years before to the very day (July 26, 1756,) John McCullough, eight years old, and his little brother had been carried away captive by five Delaware Indians and a Frenchman, from their home, a few miles southwest of the school house, and at this time John was living as an adopted son, among the Delaware Indians on the banks of the Muskingum. In his narrative, as published in Border Life, &c., it is stated that the massacre of the school-master and scholars was perpetrated by three young warriors from that locality, who brought the scalps of master and scholars back as bloody trophies of their trip into the settlements. Neeppaugh-weese, Night Walker, an old chief or half king, and other old Indians denounced them for killing so many children and called them cowards, the greatest affront that could be offered them.

The original MSS. of the McCullough narrative, now in the possession of John McCullough, a grandson of the captive lad, contains no reference to the massacre, but the family are confident that their ancestor furnished the account as given in Border Life, &c.

Others have claimed that the massacre was perpetrated by a squad of Seneca Indians from western New York. Richard Bard in his narrative states that his father was at work near the place of massacre on the 26th of July, 1764, and owing to the strange movements of his dog he concluded that Indians were skulking in the thicket near by. He retreated to the house and in about an hour saw a party commanded by Capt. Potter (afterwards Gen. Potter of the Revolution) who were in pursuit of a party of Indians, who had on that morning murdered a school-master named Brown with ten small children, and had scalped and left for dead one by the name of Archibald McCullough, who recovered. * * According to the story of the boy, two old Indians and a young Indian rushed up to the door soon after

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the opening of the morning session. The master, surmising their object, prayed them only to take his life and spare the children, but all were brutally knocked in the head with an Indian maul and scalped. Some of the traditions represent the Indians as shooting the master down when they approached the door, and that on his knees he begged them to spare the lives of the little ones.

Parkman, in his "Conspiracy of Pontiac," Vol. 2, says: "In the centre lay the master, scalped and lifeless, with a Bible clasped in his hand; while around the room were strewn the bodies of his pupils, miserably mangled, though one of them still retained a spark of life. The deed was committed by three or four warriors from an Indian village near the Ohio."

The savage fiends made good their escape, and the horror-stricken settlers buried the master and ten scholars in a large box, placed alternately head and feet in opposite directions in a common grave a few rods from the scene of slaughter. Seventy-nine years afterwards (Aug. 4. 1843) the traditional account of the burial was verified by excavations made by about twenty citizens of Antrim township, including Geo. W. Ziegler, Esq., Dr. Jas. K. Davison and Gen. David Detrich who still remain with us in a hale old age. Christian Koser, the owner of the land, planted four locust trees at the corners of the grave; two of these grew for thirty odd years, when, strange to tell, they were cut down for posts. There was danger that the sacred spot would pass into oblivion. Col. B. F. Winger, Gen. David Detrich and Rev. Cyrus Cort visited the location in the spring of 1883, (April 11), and a month later, May 14, laid the matter before a meeting of the citizens of Greencastle, at which Geo. W. Ziegler, Esq., presided. Steps were taken looking to the purchase of the land and the erection of a monument, but nothing definite was done until the attention of the Franklin County Centennial Convention of April 22, 1884, was called to the subject.

This convention, composed of representative men from all parts of the county, appointed a committee, consisting of Rev. Cyrus Cort, Wm. G. Davison, Col. G. B. Wiestling,

Dr. A. H. Strickler and Benj. Chambers, to devise plans for raising funds to erect a monument, &c.

At the afternoon session of the Convention the committee reported as follows:

Your committee appointed to prepare a proper plan for securing permanent results from the Centennial Celebration in the shape of a Monument to the memory of Schoolmaster Enoch Brown and the ten school children massacred by merciless savages, July 26th 1764, respectfully report the following for the consideration of this Convention:

Resolved, That the sum of at least two thousand dollars be raised for the purpose of securing a suitable amount of land on the farm of Capt. Jacob Diehl, in Antrim township, including the spot where Schoolmaster Brown and his ten children were massacred by the Indians, July 26th, 1764, and where they are now buried; and of enclosing the same with a suitable fence and likewise of erecting an appropriate monument to their memory and keeping the same in permanent repair.

Resolved, That the aforesaid fund shall be raised in the name of the teachers and scholars of all the schools in the county, including common schools, select schools and Sunday schools.

Resolved, That all the teachers and scholars of the schools aforesaid be earnestly requested to contribute at least one dime each toward the fund on or before Sept. 9, 1884, and the names of all teachers and scholars so contributing or collecting at least one dime shall be recorded in a suitable book to be preserved in the archives of the Historical Society of Franklin County.

Resolved, That the committee of the respective townships be directed to take immediate steps to have the foregoing school collections taken up, either by the teachers at present or lately in charge of the schools, or by some suitable person in each school district.

Resolved, That in aid of this fund we recommend that a collection be taken at all the memorial religious services held on the Sunday preceding the Centennial Anniversary, viz: September 7th, 1884.

Resolved, That in further aid of this fund we recommend that the Executive Centennial Committee be directed to request the various railroads in the county to contribute a generous rebate on all excursion tickets issued on account of the Centennial Celebration.

Resolved, That a committee of five be appointed to receive the funds and carry into effect the action proposed in the foregoing resolution in regard to the purchase of land, erection of monument, &c.

Resolved, That the above committee be directed to request the Court of Franklin County, or other competent authority, to appoint three trustees to invest not less than five hundred dollars of the funds in securities approved by the court, the annual proceeds to be devoted to keeping the grounds, monument and fences in good condition and repair.

Resolved, That the newspapers of the county be earnestly requested to urge the importance of this memorial feature of the Centennial upon the attention of the people of Franklin county.

The report was unanimously adopted by the Convention, and on the motion of Col. Wiestling, the committee called for in the seventh resolution was appointed as follows: Rev. Cyrus Cort, (chairman); Dr. A. H. Strickler (treasurer); Hon. D. W. Rowe, Capt. R. J. Boyd and Col. W. D. Dixon.

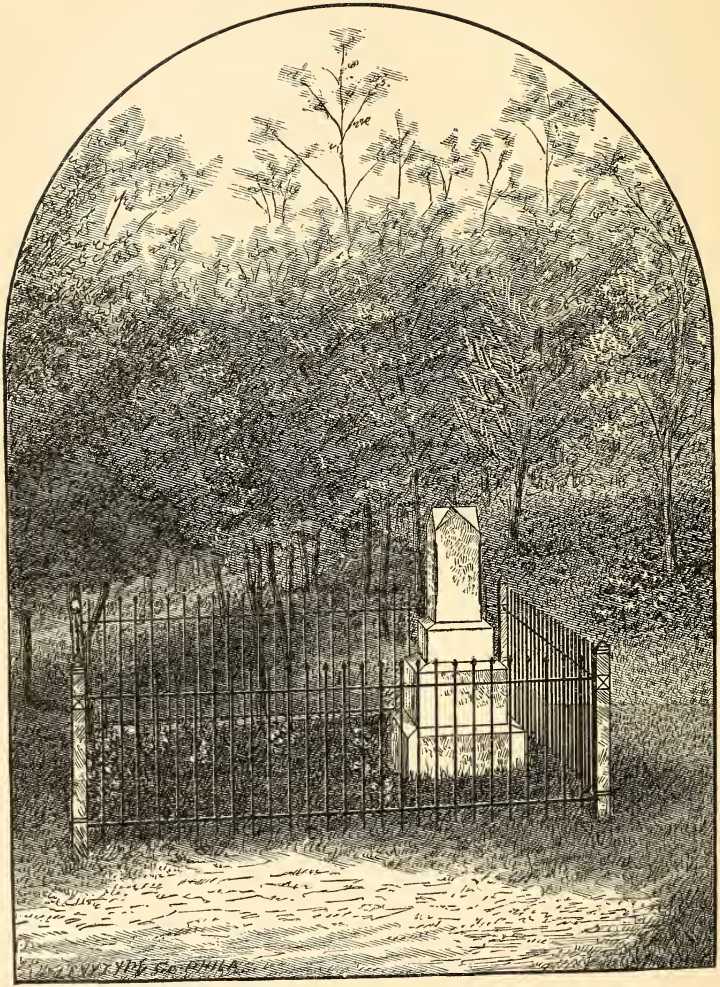
On the following day, April 23d, the committee contracted with Capt. Diehl, through Col. B. F. Winger, for the enclosed tract or field which contains the site of the school house, the grave of Enoch Brown, and scholars, together with the spring adjacent.

April 29th, the land was surveyed under the supervision of Col. Winger, along with Rev. Cort, Dr. Strickler and Col. Dixon of the committee. Capt. Diehl obligated himself in writing to give a deed for the land as soon as the surveyor had completed his plot and estimates. The committee pay at the rate of twenty-five dollars per acre.

The committee bought more land than was at first contemplated, for the reason that it was cheaper to purchase the entire field of a fraction less than twenty acres at $25 per acre, than to buy four or five acres in the heart of the field for $30 per acre, fence it in with a strong and durable fence and give bonds to keep the same in good repair for all time to come, which was the alternative presented by the owner of the tract.

The surplus land can be sold and the cost of outside fencing saved, together with the expense and liability of a bond binding through all time and necessitating an investment as large as the cost of the entire field. A public road has been laid out along the north side of the Enoch Brown Park as the tract is now called. It required a great deal of work to reclaim the historic spring and clear off the ground between it and the grave. For several weeks during the hottest weather the chairman of the committee, assisted by other public spirited citizens, "worked with head, heart, hand and horse" to accomplish this praiseworthy undertak-

ing, as the poet John M. Cooper, Esq., expressed it in his report of the dedication services in the Carlisle *Volunteer*. The contract for erecting the monuments was awarded to Mr. W. N. Meredith, of Mercersburg, for the sum of $500, the committee furnishing the limestone foundations. Hundreds have visited the Park since dedication day, and have uniformly expressed their gratification with the monuments, iron fences and improvements made by the committee with the funds at their command. Other items of historic interest are omitted here because they appear in the addresses.



MONUMENT OVER THE COMMON GRAVE OF ENOCH BROWN AND TEN SCHOLARS.

THE DEDICATION CEREMONIES.

THE following account of the dedication ceremonies, organization, speeches, &c., we cull in the main from the Greencastle *Press* of August 6, 1885:

UNVEILING AND DEDICATION.

August 4, 1885, was indeed the red letter day for Mother Antrim. Never before in her history was there such an outpouring of her beauty and chivalry to honor and grace a public occasion as that which congregated at Enoch Brown Park on Dedication Day. The two previous days had been stormy and foreboding. The long wished for rain had deluged the earth in torrents and many feared that the weather would be unfavorable for the ceremonies. But there never dawned a lovelier day for the occasion than last Tuesday. At an early hour a stream of visitors began to pour out over the hills to the Park until about 5,000 people had assembled on the historic field. The large monument on the site of the school house, which can be seen from afar, first attracted attention, and around it a large concourse of people were soon assembled. Then the beatiful monument of smaller proportions over the common grave of Schoolmaster Enoch Brown and ten scholars was next visited, and around it many lingered with deep and melancholy interest. Then the historic spring at the foot of the hill, a few yards off, drew the multitude, not only to gratify curiosity, but to slake their thirst, and thousands there partook of nature's cooling beverage, as did the scholars of Enoch Brown one hundred and twenty-one years ago. It was equal to the large demands, although one hundred and fifty gallons had been dipped out the previous evening after dusk.

Shortly after 11 o'clock Rev. Cyrus Cort arrived with Poet Cooper and Historian Egle and daughter in his carriage, the morning train on which they came from Harrisburg having been delayed about half an hour.

The meeting was called to order by Col. B. F. Winger, Chief Marshal. Mounting the base of the monument the Rev. Cort made a few preliminary remarks and then four little girls and nine boys, viz., Rose Winger, Libbie Seacrest, Sally Whitmore and Carrie Hawbecker, Paul Cort, Paul Sunners, Ambrose Cort, Ambrose Walck, Harry Fuss, Elmer Pentz, George Pentz, George Gorden and Willie Meredith, pulled the cords, the mantle of red, white and blue fell and the monument stood forth a thing of beauty and strength, the delight of all beholders. It is indeed a massive affair. On the top of four feet of solid masonry underneath the ground are nearly four feet of dressed limestone of immense proportions from Hawbecker's Williamson quarry. On the top of this limestone foundation, which is five feet square, is placed the granite base of the monument, four feet square and seventeen inches high, and weighing 4,600 pounds. Next comes the polished die or sub-base, three feet square and two feet high, on the four sides of which are engraved the inscriptions. On the top of this stands the shaft of the monument, two feet square at the base, ten feet high and tapering gracefully to a pyramidal apex. The shaft weighs 4,100 pounds. Enclosing the monument is a very substantial iron fence, fifteen feet square. The following are the inscriptions:

On the East side:

SACRED TO THE MEMORY OF SCHOOL-MASTER ENOCH BROWN AND ELEVEN SCHOLARS, VIZ: RUTH HART, RUTH HALE, EBEN TAYLOR, GEORGE DUNSTAN, ARCHIE MCCULLOUGH, AND SIX OTHERS, (NAMES UNKNOWN) WHO WERE MASSACRED AND SCALPED BY INDIANS ON THIS SPOT, JULY 26, 1764, DURING THE PONTIAC WAR.

On the North side:

> Erected by Direction of the Franklin County Centennial Convention of April 22, 1884, in the Name of the Teachers and Scholars of All the Schools in the County, Including Common Schools, Select Schools and Sunday Schools. For a Full List of Contributors see Archives of Franklin County Historical Society or Recorder's Office.

West side inscription, next to grave:

> The Remains of Enoch Brown and Ten Scholars (Archie McCullough Survived the Scalping) Lie Buried in a Common Grave, South 62¼ Degrees, West 14½ Rods from this Monument. They Fell as Pioneer Martyrs in the Cause of Education and Christian Civilization.

On the South side:

> The ground is holy where they fell,
> And where their mingled ashes lie,
> Ye Christian people mark it well
> With granite column strong and high;
> And cherish well forevermore
> The storied wealth of early years,
> The sacred legacies of yore,
> The toils and trials of pioneers.

The latter are the concluding stanzas of a poem published last Spring in the town papers and in the Guardian, a monthly magazine issued in Philadelphia.

The small monument was unveiled at the grave by Rev. Cort after a few preliminary remarks. It is a very chaste

and pretty structure, composed, like the larger monument, of Concord granite. It is about seven feet high and two feet square at the base. On the side facing the grave is this inscription, "The grave of Schoolmaster Enoch Brown and Ten Scholars, massacred by the Indians July 26, 1764." Around it is also a solid iron fence ten feet square. A heavy stone wall has been erected near the south end of the grave and considerable filling has been done. The Mercersburg band played a dirge at the large monument and the Greencastle and Shady Grove bands at the smaller when the unveiling took place. The assemblage then repaired to the stand erected in the grove belonging to the Park, where the remaining ceremonies were conducted according to the published programme.

George W. Ziegler, Esq., was chosen President for the day and made a short address heartily approving the cause which had brought the people together and commending the Monument Committee for its faithful and energetic labors. Rev. J. D. Hunter then offered a very appropriate prayer. The Reformed church choir, under the lead of Prof. Collins assisted by a few amateurs, sang "America," "My Country, 'tis of Thee," and afterwards the "The Infant Martyrs," a hymn composed by Dr. Henry Harbaugh on the martyred babes of Bethlehem who were slain by King Herod. The organization was completed by the election of the vice-presidents and secretaries, viz.:

Vice Presidents, Rev. J. Spangler Kiefer, Hagerstown, Md.; General David Detrich, Dr. James K. Davidson, Captain Jacob Deihl, Antrim; Jacob Hoke, Judge Kimmel, Rev. Herbert, Chambersburg; Jacob B. Brumbaugh, Peters; Simon Lecron, D. C. Shank, George J. Balsley, D. O. Nicodemus, Washington; Joseph Winger, Montgomery; Dr. Frick, Quincy; Rev. Kappenberger, John Hoch, Mercersburg; Rev. Bahner, Waynesboro; Rev. Riddle, Fairfax, Va.; Andrew K. Kissecker, Tiffin, Ohio. Secretaries, W. G. Davison, W. C. Kreps, Greencastle; Bruce Laudebaugh, G. W. Atherton, Mercersburg; William A. Ried, Antrim; A. N. Pomeroy, Chambersburg.

Rev. Cyrus Cort, chairman of the Monument Committee, then made the presentation speech, which was well received

and warmly applauded by the audience. The speaker was heartily congratulated from all sides at the close.

PIC-NIC DINNER.

At this point a recess of an hour was taken to partake of a pic-nic dinner in the woods. It was an interesting and picturesque sight to see families and groups of families enjoying the sumptuous meals which they spread upon the leaves and grass or upon improvised tables throughout the beautiful grove. The speakers, Witmer, Woods (and lady), Egle (and daughter), and poet Cooper, together with some of the clergy, were entertained at one table near the stand by President Ziegler, Marshal Winger and Chairman Cort and their families, and seemed to greatly enjoy their dinner and the surroundings. A balmy breeze floated among the trees, and nature and Providence combined to make the scene one long to be remembered, adding a peculiar zest to the spirit of hospitality and good will that pervaded the occasion.

AFTERNOON SESSION.

After dinner the exercises at the stand were resumed. Rev. J. W. Knappenberger, of Mercersburg, made a short and very appropriate prayer. Peter A. Witmer, Esq., of Hagerstown, Superintendent of Public Schools of Washington county, Md., made an eloquent and able address, conveying the cordial greetings of a sister State and a neighboring county, endorsing heartily the movement. He said: "Enoch Brown was a nobler hero than the blood-stained warriors or thousands of others who were so often honored in this way. The school house was the symbol of our civilization and that brave and self-sacrificing man, who was ready to yield his life as a sacrifice for his scholars, was a pioneer and a martyr in a blessed cause. He was worthy the high honors shown him to-day." Rev. F. M. Woods, of Martinsburg, W. Va., then delivered an excellent speech in fine style. He paid a glowing tribute to the sterling Scotch-Irish pioneer settlers, who came to this new world that they might have freedom to worship God. They were ready to leave kindred and country and sunder the dearest

earthly ties for conscience sake. They asked not "Will it pay?" "Will it be popular?" but "Is it right?" and, fearing God, they had no fear of man. What added peculiar interest to Rev. Mr. Wood's remarks is the fact that he is married to a daughter of Rev. D. X. Junkin, who is a descendant of Eleanor Cochrane. His wife sat immediately behind him on the platform, and seemed to enjoy the occasion beyond all others present, which is saying a great deal.

Next came the poem, by John M. Cooper, Esq., the gifted bard of Antrim. Like all other productions from Mr. Cooper's pen, it was beautiful and classic. It threw a halo of poetic fancy around the memory of the martyred schoolmaster and scholars.

Finally Dr. Wm. H. Egle, of Harrisburg, Pa., delivered in an effective manner the historial address of the occasion on "Pontiac and Bouquet," with especial reference to the part taken by Provincial troops in the campaign of 1763–4. He contrasted these distinguished leaders of the red and white races as the representatives of savagery and civilization, and sketched graphically the leading events in the campaigns of 1763–4. He paid a glowing tribute to the memory of Enoch Brown (he called him Enoch all the time), the brave, true-hearted schoolmaster, who fell with his scholars before the brutality of incarnate fiends. The Doctor evidently has no special love for the Indian character and believes that the uncivilized red man illustrates fully the doctrine of total depravity. He paid a very handsome compliment to Rev. C. Cort, not only for his persevering and successful efforts in behalf of the Enoch Brown Monument, but as the author of an "elegant work" on Bouquet and his campaign of 1763–4.

At the close Col. Winger moved a vote of thanks to the speakers and poet, and that they be requested to furnish copies of their speeches and poem to the Enoch Brown Monument Committee for publication. A vote of thanks was also returned to the five bands present for their gratuitous services, viz: The bands of Mercersburg, Clay Hill, Shady Grove, New Franklin and Greencastle.

The benediction was finally pronounced by Rev. John R. Agnew, a grandson of Mary Ramsey, one of the scholars

of the Enoch Brown school, who Providentially escaped the massacre.

Col. Wiestling was to have made the reception speech, but was unable to be present. His substitute failing to appear, the following letter was read:

MONT ALTO, July 29, 1885.

Rev. Cyrus Cort, Chairman Enoch Brown Monument Committee:

MY DEAR SIR: For several weeks I have had but little respite from severe suffering from acute rheumatism following in the wake of a sprained knee. This has so disabled me that business matters have accumulated on my hands to such an extent as to render it exceedingly improbable that I can ever attend the unveiling ceremonies on August 4.

Although (as I advised you) I feared this contingency, yet I feel sadly disappointed, and deeply regret my inability to celebrate with you what I consider an important event. I know it will be interesting; I know you will be happy, because the consciousness of having faithfully fulfilled the trust committed to you by the people of Franklin County through their representatives in convention, cannot but make you congratulate each other as I heartily do you all. Yes, I congratulate the citizens of our county on the successful consummation of the crowning feature in the programme of the Centennial celebration, so happily woven into history by the untiring and effective labors of your committee. The convention made no mistake in determining upon the crowning memorial, it did not err in providing the way to secure means for its accomplishment, and it was equally fortunate in selecting a committee of ability, industry and unswerving integrity to its commission, a committee, the chairmanship of which you have a right to be proud. As compensation for my absence I enclose my check for twenty dollars additional contribution to the Monument fund; but how I am to be compensated for the loss of my anticipated pleasure in being with you, I know not.

Very truly yours,

GEO. B. WIESTLING.

The following letter was also read from Rev. Prof. Jos. H. Dubbs, D. D., Professor of History, &c., in Franklin and Marshall College:

Rev. C. Cort:

MR DEAR SIR: I regret that it will not be in my power to be present at the dedication of the Enoch Brown Monument. It is in my opinion an occasion of profound interest, and I hope it may command the general respect which is manifestly deserves. We have in this country but imperfectly learned the lesson that in honoring our ancestors we honor ourselves; but the day will surely come when your disinterested labors in this direction will be fully appreciated.

I remain fraternally yours,

JOS. HENRY DUBBS.

The following letter from Governor Pattison and extracts from letters of Horatio Seymour and Thos. G. Apple to Rev. Cort were read:

FROM THE GOVERNOR.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, COMMONWEALTH OF PENN'A,
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR, HARRISBURG, July 28, 1885.

B. F. Winger, Esq., Greencastle, Pa.

SIR: I am directed by the Governor to acknowledge your very kind invitation to attend the ceremonies of the unveiling and dedication of the monument erected to the memory of Enoch Brown and his ten scholars who were massacred by Indians one hundred and twenty-one years ago, three miles north of Greencastle. The Governor regrets that his official engagements which cover the 4th day of August will require his presence at Erie, Pa., as President of the commission to establish and maintain a Home of Pennsylvania Soldiers and Sailors. For this reason he cannot be present. But he directs me to express his sincere gratification that the memory of the pioneer school-master is thus to be perpetuated and that the children who with him were stricken down at their humble shrine of learning are not forgotten by those who live in the enjoyment of the Christian civilization of the present day.

I am Very truly yours,

THOS. T. EVERETT,
Private Secretary.

The people then returned to their homes highly gratified with what they had seen and heard at the Enoch Brown Park. All were pleased with the monuments, the iron fences and other improvements made by the committee. All were delighted with the literary exercises. The poet, who is an excellent judge of large experience, remarked in the evening "I never heard four better speeches on any public occasion than those delivered to-day." He repeatedly announced his intention to bring his entire family to Antrim township at an early day to show them the beautiful and lasting monuments and all the historic scenes belonging to the Enoch Brown Park. He considered it by far the grandest day ever seen in Mother Antrim, and said that the crowd around the speaker's stand was larger than "he had ever seen listening to a speech of any kind in Franklin County."

Many and hearty were the congratulations showered upon the chairman of the monument committee at the close of the meeting. He felt amply rewarded for all the toil and

trouble which the monument project has given him by the outcome of this red letter day.

Chief Marshal Col. B. F. Winger performed his duties with great tact and efficiency. The following is the list of aids as appointed and revised by himself, viz: Wm. Snyder, Charles B. Cayl, Edward S. Snively, John W. Kuhn, D. I. Binkley, John H. Baumbaugh, John McCulloch, Upton G. Hawbaker, Dr. Leslie Lecron, C. C. Pentz, Henry Lenherr, W. L. G. Unger, Seth Dickey, Dr. H. G. Critzman, Jeremiah Ashway, Claggett Seacrest, Wm. J. Zacharias, Max Ways, J. W. Wister, Capt. L. Henkell, Paul L. Cort, Geo. W. Frye and George Crunkleton.

SPEECH OF GEORGE W. ZIEGLER, ESQ.,

OF GREENCASTLE, PENN'A.

George W. Ziegler, on being chosen president of the meeting, spoke as follows:

LADIES AND GENTLEMEN:—I thank you for the honor of the position assigned me as presiding officer of this large and respectable meeting on this very interesting and important occasion; and permit me to congratulate you on the bright and glorious sun that greets us from a cloudless sky, to cheer and gladden our hearts in the enjoyment of the ceremonies and intellectual feast that awaits us.

The wooded hillside upon which we are now assembled is sacred and historic ground, consecrated and hallowed by the wanton and brutal destruction of human life and spilling of innocent blood more than a century ago.

On the 26th day of July, A. D. 1764, a small squad of hostile and treacherous Indians made their appearance upon these grounds, and with revenge and murder in their hearts they stealthily stole their way to the southeastern declivity of this hill, where then stood an humble pioneer school house, occupied by teacher Enoch Brown and eleven of his scholars (thank God the number present on that eventful day was not greater), and as soon as it was reached they suddenly and fiercely rushed in, and with glaring eyes and

upraised bludgeons in their hands confronted them, and, deaf to the noble appeal of humanity on the part of Brown to spare the lives of his scholars, at the sacrifice of his own, and their piteous shrieks and cries for mercy, they at once commenced the slaughter of master and children, and in cold blood massacred the whole school, save little Archie McCullough, whom they supposed dead, but who afterward revived; and while teacher and scholars were still agonizing in the throes and convulsions of death they proceeded in the awful and horrible work of securing their scalps, that they might bear them back, in their blood-stained hands, as trophies of their victory to the bloodthirsty chieftain, who had no doubt detailed them on their revengeful mission of destruction and death.

This act on the part of the Indians is unquestionably the most cowardly, bloody and atrocious tragedy that stains the annals of our border warfare in the Cumberland valley, during the dark and bloody days of its Colonial history; and, although more than a hundred years have come and gone since its enactment, yet we cannot listen to its recital without a sigh and shudder of sorrow and regret for the sad and lamentable fate of its innocent victims.

But enough of this awful and horrible story, and let us now joyfully turn to its interesting and fitting sequel, which is about to reach its culmination in the ceremonies of this day.

At a meeting of the Franklin County Centennial Convention, held in Chambersburg, on the 22d day of April, 1884, the Rev. Cyrus Cort and Col. George B. Wiestling, and other public spirited gentlemen of the convention, induced that body to take action for the adoption of certain necessary measures for the promotion and consummation of the laudable and commendable movement inaugurated at a meeting held by a number of the liberal minded citizens of the borough of Greencastle, on the 14th of May, 1883, looking to the erection of a monument, &c., to the memory of Enoch Brown and his scholars, massacred on this hill on the 26th of July, 1764.

And to these preliminary movements and the untiring labors of the Centennial, County and Monument Commit-

tees, and for the faithful, proper and speedy manner in which they prosecuted the work assigned them by the Franklin County Centennial Convention, we stand greatly indebted this day for the two beautiful and appropriate monuments which now grace and adorn this hill.

The larger of these monuments stands on the site occupied by the rustic school house at the time of the massacre of Schoolmaster Brown and his scholars; and the other, on the small mound, beneath which their sacred dust has long since mingled and now peacefully slumbers in the common grave in which they were buried.

And what could have been more fitting than the manner and place of their burial? all deposited in the same grave, and near beside the little spring, still issuing from the foot of this hill, and where master and scholars together were wont to slake their thirst during the interim of weary school hours.

These monuments were fashioned by skilful, artistic hands, and wrought out of the most enduring materials (Eastern granite and Pennsylvania limestone), and rest on deep and solid foundations, and will for many long centuries to come rescue from oblivion the sacred and hallowed spots they are intended to perpetuate. And I feel warranted in the prophecy, that should some distant antiquary, more than a thousand years hence, make a pilgrimage to this historic hill, that he will find them still intact and standing as erect as we behold them this day.

Enoch Brown needed no monument to perpetuate his name, it is indelibly engraven in the history of the State, and there it will remain forever. "His is one of the few immortal names that were not born to die."

Yet, as a proper and fitting mark of love and honor to this faithful teacher and his lamented scholars, and in fulfillment of a sacred and long neglected duty, these monuments have been erected and we have met here to-day to dedicate them to their memory.

NOTE.—I was present at the exhumation of the remains of Teacher Enoch Brown and his scholars, and according to the most authentic evidence on the subject it took place on the 4th of August, 1843. It

was my mournful privilege to gaze upon their still remaining mouldering bones and other relics connected with their burial, and these not only established beyond all doubt the identity of the place of their burial, but also the truth of the traditional story that they were all buried in one common grave. GEORGE W. ZIEGLER.

PRESENTATION SPEECH OF REV. CYRUS CORT.

MY CHRISTIAN FRIENDS:—We are glad to meet you here to-day. We have had a plentiful rain. He giveth grass for the cattle and herb for the service of man. And now the skies are bright and the heavens smile upon us. That gracious Providence which has enabled us to bring all the difficult and dangerous labors of this monumental project to a safe and successful conclusion, without harm or accident, still continues to favor us. To the Lord be all the praise, the honor and the glory of the achievement.

The greatest leader and lawgiver of the human race tells us to "remember the days of old and consider the years of many generations." This is the parting counsel of Moses. It is the swan song, yea, the key-note of the swan song of that man of God at the close of his earthly pilgrimage. The trials, the sufferings and heroic deeds of their ancestors, the gracious dealings of the great Jehovah in former years, were to be kept in everlasting remembrance. A reverential historic spirit is one of the noblest attributes of true manhood. It is also one of the safeguards of society. It promotes the best interests of religion and patriotism. Such a spirit makes great account of memorial occasions. It brings us into living communion with the heroic past. Under the guide and inspiration of a reverential historic spirit the Hebrews and Greeks marched in the vanguard of human history in developing the ideas of religion and classic culture. In the interest of that spirit we are assembled to-day. To-day we rescue from oblivion hallowed scenes consecrated by the martyr blood of innocent childhood and the self-sacrificing privations of pioneers. To-day we commemorate a typical event, full of pathetic interest and engrave it as a memorial in the rock forever. The massacre of School-

master Enoch Brown and ten scholars and the horrid mangling of the eleventh on this spot by the Indian savages, July 26, 1764, was an "outrage," says Parkman, "unmatched in its fiendlike atrocity through all the annals of the war," that terrible Pontiac war, so full of bloodshed and horror. It was an event indeed almost unique in human history. Hundreds of years before the dawn of the Christian era a band of bloodthirsty Thracian soldiers wantonly butchered the teacher and all the scholars belonging to a boys' school at Megalissus in Greece. For thousands of years that event stood alone as an example of human barbarity, as a contrast between civilization and barbarism, until it was outdone by the massacre of Enoch Brown and his scholars on this very spot 121 years ago. Here Ruth Hart and Ruth Hale, George Dunstan, Eben Taylor, Archie McCullough and six other innocent children were knocked on the head like so many beeves and the bleeding scalps torn from their mangled heads and that of Master Enoch Brown. O! bloodiest chapter in the book of time! Here a holocaust was offered to the red Demon of war by the red demons of the savage wilderness.

My Christian friends, it is a sacred duty that we discharge to-day in this tribute of the living to the martyred dead. Long, too long have the martyrs waited for this memorial. No class of men or women deserve more to be held in grateful and everlasting remembrance than the hardy pioneers who rescued the wilderness of this new world from savage beasts and savage men and changed it into a fruitful field. As citizens of this magnificent valley we enjoy the fruits of their toils, their sacrifices and privations, and let us never forget the memory of their deeds and sufferings. Because Enoch Brown was an honored, useful and trusted instrument in the higher phases of that work of pioneer civilization and progress; because he fell as a self-sacrificing martyr in that cause at the post of duty and of danger; because his eleven scholars fell as innocent victims and true martyrs in that cause of education and Christian civilization we set apart these monuments and these grounds as sacred to their memory forevermore.

We believe that Enoch Brown was a good and true man.

Had we not thought so we would never have toiled as we have done to bring this movement to a successful close. He was a genuine Christian schoolmaster of the olden time, one who taught his scholars not only how to read, write and cypher, but who taught them also the first principles of our holy religion as recorded in the oracles of the living God. Amid perils he taught such principles as make good citizens and faithful Christians. Indeed, one of the cherished traditions of the terrible tragedy is that Schoolmaster Brown was shot down with the Bible in his hand before he could make any resistance and on his knees begged only that the innocent children might be spared. Parkman, in describing the ghastly sight that met those who first entered the school house after the massacre says: "In the centre lay the master, scalped and lifeless, with a Bible clasped in his hands; while around the room were strewn the bodies of his mangled pupils." Another tradition says that Mr. Linn, while working in a meadow in the vicinity, heard the shot that killed Schoolmaster Brown, and when he and others came to see what was the matter they found little Archie McCullough, who survived the scalping, sitting by the spring near by washing the blood from his face and mangled head. He told them that when the four Indians opened the door Master Brown, knowing well their object, begged them to take him as their victim and let the innocent children return to their homes. The same instant he was shot down, and then he and the children were quickly tomahawked and scalped by two of the savages while the other two stood with murderous weapons in the doorway. Other traditions, handed down directly by Betty Hopkins to Gen. Detrich and others, go to show that Enoch Brown did his duty as a true-hearted man, who felt the awful responsibility of the sacred trust committed to him. Betty Hopkins was a worthy Christian woman, forty years old at the time of the massacre, living within a mile of this very spot. She saw the mangled bodies of master and ten scholars committed to a common grave by the grief-stricken and horror-stricken community 121 years ago, and her story of the burial was corroborated by the exhumation 79 years after the burial. No word derogatory to the courage or character of Enoch

Brown ever came from her lips in the sixty odd years that she lived in this locality after the tragedy, which was the one great absorbing theme of her conversation. Often did the General, when a boy, and other young friends read at her request her favorite chapter in the Bible (the 17th of the Gospel according to St. John), and then listen in return to the story of the massacre of Enoch Brown and his ten scholars. At length this remarkable woman, this traditional and Providential bond between the living and the dead, passed away at the good old age of 104 years, when she was consigned to her last resting place by the General himself. Apart from all traditionary accounts, one way and another, there is enough in the very nature of things to vindicate the memory of Enoch Brown from all aspersions of cowardice or incompetency. Cowards are not apt to teach school on exposed frontiers in perilous times. The Scotch-Irish pioneer settlers were heroic, God-fearing people. No matter what some of their descendants may do they would have died in their tracks rather than disappoint a trust, and they would never have entrusted the lives and education of their precious children to an incompetent poltroon. They were brave and true themselves and expected courage, honor and fidelity from all in official position. And when the savages came in all their fiendish fury and desolated ten Christian homes at one fell swoop, by butchering those innocent children on this very spot, when there was bitter lamentation and weeping throughout the Conococheague settlement and Antrim's hills resounded with the wails of mothers refusing to be comforted over the destruction of their darling household treasures, think you that those true-hearted, high-souled men and women would have buried their precious children in a common grave with Enoch Brown had they not esteemed the schoolmaster as a good, true man, who did all he could to protect and save the little ones entrusted to his care? Never, never, would they have given him such an honorable sepulture along with their slaughtered innocents had he not been a worthy and deserving man. We know little of the particular families represented in this massacre. The McCulloughs still remain among our most worthy citizens. The Harts and Hales, the Dunstans and Taylors,

who patronized this school and who furnished a victim each, have removed or become extinct so far as we know. We know of others, however, who attended this pioneer school, who were Providentially absent on that fatal day, and by their high character we may judge in a measure the teacher and scholars in general. Here came Eleanor Cochrane, who became the wife of Captain Joseph Junkin, a hero of the Revolutionary War, whose right arm was shattered by a musket ball at the battle of Brandywine. She bore him 14 children, 10 sons and 4 daughters. Two of the sons, George and D. X. Junkin, became ministers of the Gospel, and two of the daughters married ministers. In all about thirty of the sons, sons-in-law and grandchildren are in the ministry, and a still larger number are ruling elders. Three of the sons were officers in the war of 1812–14. One of the granddaughters is the wife of Col. Preston, at Lexington, Va., and a gifted poetess. Another granddaughter was the wife of the renowned chieftain of the Southern Confederacy, Stonewall Jackson. A granddaughter is the wife of the reverend gentleman (Rev. Woods,) who will speak to you from this stand to-day and we are glad to have her with us on the platform enjoying these memorial services in honor of the martyred companions of her ancestors. What possibilities are enshrined in the life of one little girl! Here also came Mary Ramsey, the grandmother of our venerable and beloved friend, Rev. John R. Agnew, also present with us, and the grandmother also of his excellent wife and other notable members of the Agnew family and its kindred branches. Two of Mary Ramsey's nieces, the Misses Irwin, married sons of President Wm. H. Harrison. Here also came the Poes, renowned in civil as well as military affairs. You have all heard of the Poe boy who played truant on that particular day and watched mowers in a meadow and caught a thrashing from his strict old father for telling a lie in the evening, claiming that he was at school not having heard of the massacre. Bad boys no doubt have often thought of this as a justification for playing truant. The moral of the fable being that the boy who plays truant saves his scalp. It reminds one of the dialogue between a father and a son who was hard to get out of bed in the morning: "Tom, get up;

the early bird gets the worm." "Served him right. If he had not been up so early he would not have been caught." Now, my friends, I have a new revelation to make, which mars the proportions of the old story somewhat. Last Saturday I received a letter from Mrs. Fannie B. Campbell, well-known to many present, under date of July 29, at Clifton Springs, N. Y. Mrs. Campbell writes: "Dear Mr. Cort: Yours received to-day. The only tradition I have from the Poe family of the massacre of Enoch Brown and children, is that grandfather James Poe was a scholar attending the school at the time, but was detained that day by his mother objecting to his going on account of the cold. He was a very small boy, and had to be sent on horseback in charge of a servant. On that day the horse was at the door waiting for him when his mother interfered. So his life was spared and like the small boy in the Sunday school book, he lived to grow up and go to the Legislature twenty years." That is the latest tradition of the Poe story, and it would be a very acceptable substitute for the truant story if they had only left out that cold wave right on the 26th day of July, 1764. Benj. M. Nead, Esq., tells us in Dr. Egle's "Historical Notes," that at the time James Poe was a lad 16 years old, and went with the party of settlers under Lieut. Potter in pursuit of the Indians who had massacred the schoolmaster and scholars at Guitner's school house. This spoils the truant boy story again. These conflicting traditions show how even good, reliable people get things mixed. They remind us of the man who said he once saw wheat standing so thick that wild turkeys could run over the tops of the heads without sinking to the ground. When asked about the size of the turkeys he said they were whoppers. One day he shot one and it was so heavy that he threw it over his shoulder and it was so large that the head dragged in the snow behind him. When some one remarked that that must have been a queer country where they had snow in harvest time, he replied, "I believe I did get my story a little mixed." So is it with many of these floating traditions. They are a good deal mixed. But be that as it may, the Poes and Potters did really stand in close relationship to this school. The Lieut. Potter who led in pur-

suit of the bloodthirsty Indians afterwards became a General in the Revolutionary army and James Poe was Captain under him and was married to his daughter. *James Poe was for many years an honored Representative and Senator in the State Legislature. His son Thomas was Adjutant and a very gallant soldier in the war of 1812-14, and fell mortally wounded in the battle of Chippewa. This gives us an idea of the class of people who patronized the school of Enoch Brown on these grounds 121 years ago. They belonged to the best class of pioneer settlers, people who came to America for conscience sake, that they and their children might have freedom to worship God. An eminent historian (Dr. Wm. H. Egle) from the capital of our own Keystone State is here to-day to tell us about Pontiac "the lord of the savage wilderness," who marshalled the savage hordes as no Indian chief ever marshalled them before or since, in that great war of which this massacre of the master and scholars was one of the characteristic incidents. He will tell us also about the superb man who hailed from the Alpine mountains of Republican Switzerland, the heroic Bouquet, who with his Scotch Highlanders, his German-Swiss Royal Americans and Provincial Rangers, signally defeated the confederates of Pontiac at Bushy Run the year before this massacre occurred, and vainly begged the Quaker provincial authorities to furnish needed reinforements of a few hundred men, that he might penetrate the forest fastness and conquer peace on the banks of the Muskingum; how after a year of cruel delay and fourteen days after this massacre he at length was able to set out from Carlisle on that memorable campaign of 1764, which brought peace and tranquility to the borders and restored several hundred white captives to the blessings of Christian homes and civilization. Strange, passing strange it is, that the plowshare should so long have been allowed to pass over the site of the school house and the harvests fertilized by the blood of master and scholars should so long have been reaped on this sacred spot. Strange that the common grave of master and ten scholars,

*Both of these officers lie buried at the Brown's Mill graveyard, a few miles east of the Enoch Brown Park.

that this the most sacred historic spot of our noble old county, should remain so long without monumental column or memorial tablet, to be profanely trodden under foot of man and beast. Thank God that reproach no longer rests upon the people of Franklin county and Antrim township. In this hour of rejoicing, when the capstone is to be brought forth, as it were, with shoutings, let us not forget the veterans who forty-two years ago exhumed the remains of Enoch Brown and scholars, who identified the grave and verified the tradition of their common sepulture. Without their pioneer work the waves of oblivion would doubtless long since have obliterated all traces of that hallowed spot, fuller of pathetic interest than any other in all the broad domain of the Cumberland Valley. We are glad to welcome these veterans to-day. They bind us with golden chains to the hoary past. We are glad to have one of them, Geo. W. Ziegler, Esq., preside over these memorial services, who has been a great help and inspiration in this movement. Also to have two others, Dr. J. K. Davison and Gen. Detrich, as vice presidents, all enjoying a good old age. In the language, slightly modified, of the immortal Webster to the veterans of Bunker Hill, sixty years ago, allow me to say "Venerable men! you have come down to us from a former generation. Heaven has bounteously lengthened out your lives that you might behold this joyous day. You are now where you stood forty-two years ago this very hour with your brothers and neighbors in philanthropic efforts. Behold how altered. The same heavens are indeed over your heads, the same fountain flows at your feet. But all else how changed! Alas! you are not all here—Koser, Michaels, Rankin, Sites, Grubb, Rowe, Mitchell, Osbaugh, Short, Shirey, Atherton, our eyes seek in vain for you amidst this broken band. You are gathered to you fathers but live in our grateful remembrances. * * All is peace and God has granted you this sight of your country's happiness ere you slumber in the grave forever. He has allowed you to partake of the reward of your patriotic toils; and he has allowed us, your sons and countrymen, to meet you here and in the name of the present generation, in the name of your country, in the name of liberty and civilization, to thank you. * * May the

Father of all mercies smile upon your declining years and bless them."

We are glad to hail to-day as our gifted Poet and a true son of Antrim, one who years ago labored to bring about this very memorial work which has at last been accomplished under the auspices of the county at large. All honor to the pioneer settlers and all honor to the pioneer workers in the movement to honor the memory of Enoch Brown and his slaughtered scholars.

On the 22d day of April, 1884, a convention of representative delegates from all parts of Franklin county, met in the Court House at Chambersburg, to devise measures to promote the proper celebration of the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of the county, on the coming 9th of September. In the progress of their deliberations, it was resolved at the instance of Col. Geo. B. Wiestling, that a permanent memorial of the Centennial should be erected in the form of a monument, to perpetuate the memory of Schoolmaster Brown, and the ten scholars ruthlessly massacred by the Indians on this spot, 120 years previous. An appeal was made by the convention to the patriotic and Christian liberality of all the churches and schools, both secular and religious, week day and Sunday schools throughout the county, in aid of this enterprise, also to public spirited citizens in their individual capacity. The Centennial Executive Committee at Chambersburg was directed by the Convention to secure a generous rebate in aid of this monument fund, from all the railroads, on all excursion tickets issued on account of the Centennial Celebration. This was the unanimous action of the Convention, and the sum of at least $2,000 was pledged to the Monument Committee, which I have the honor to represent, wherewith to buy the land, erect the monument and make all other needed improvements. The Monument Committee have honestly and earnestly striven to carry out in good faith the wishes of the County Centennial Convention as best they could with the means placed at their disposal. They had a right to expect the generous assistance and hearty co-operation of every preacher, teacher, scholar and public spirited citizen of the county. The faith of the entire county was pledged to

make the monumental project a grand success. But, alas! your committee was doomed to bitter disappointment. A generous rebate amounting to $758 was contributed by the railroads, as the Convention had requested, but $334 of that rebate never came into the hands of our Monument Committee. The bad example of this breach of faith in official circles was contagious and had a demoralizing effect. The majority of churches and schools of all kinds have utterly failed to do their duty in the premises. In all, up to date, your Committee has received less than $1,400, instead of at least $2,000, solemnly pledged by the sovereign convention, April 22, 1884. Of this amount, $91.77 has been contributed by the churches; about $260 by the week day schools, and the same amount ($260) by the Sunday schools of the county. Had it not been for the liberal subscriptions of individuals, headed by Geo. W. Ziegler, Esq., amounting in all to $335, your committee would have been seriously hindered in the prosecution of their work. Although the public schools of Greencastle with their six teachers and hundreds of scholars, only gave $5.75, yet Antrim township and Greencastle raised the handsome sum of $332. Well done for Mother Antrim! She has raised nearly one-fourth of the entire cost.

We point to this noble and enduring granite monument erected on the very spot where Enoch Brown and his ten scholars shed their precious blood, 121 years ago; we point to the smaller, but equally enduring and appropriate monument, which, beautiful in its simplicity, a few rods from here, marks the spot where repose in a common grave the mortal remains of the massacred master and scholars; we point likewise to this picturesque park of field and forest, containing a fraction less than twenty acres, all paid for and held in fee simple by your committee in trust for the people of the county, this tract which encloses the historic spring at the bottom of the hill, where little Archie McCullough washed the streaming blood from his face and scalpless head; we point to these memorials and possessions as the best answer to the question as to how we have discharged our duties as custodians of the Enoch Brown Monument Fund. In the face of all manner of obstacles; in spite of all manner of

misrepresentation and abuse, we have persistently labored to carry out in good faith the patriotic and benevolent intentions of the Centennial Convention. As the walls of Jerusalem were built in the days of Nehemiah, with sword in one hand and trowel in the other, so this monument project has been carried forward. The memory of Enoch Brown, the noble-hearted, self-sacrificing Christian schoolmaster, has been vindicated against unjust aspersions, and after the lapse of 121 years, a granite monument, as enduring as the grand old mountains that loom up in majesty on the sides of the North, now covers the spot where he and his youthful scholars fell as pioneer martyrs in the cause of education and Christian civilization.

The question has been asked time and again, "What good will the monument do? Why go to all this trouble and expense about people killed 121 years ago?" We can not expect to satisfy some people with any argument that we may offer. Like the terrapins or land turtles that lately crawled around the grave of Enoch Brown and scholars, they have no reverential historic spirit and mope about most sacred scenes concerned entirely with the question, what shall we eat or what shall we drink? But for thinking men and the rising generations the monuments will teach an important lesson and have an enobling educational influence. It will open up to many a most important chapter of history and fill their hearts with gratitude to the brave men and women who bore the brunts in the fierce struggle between civilization and barbarism. In the language of Horatio Seymour, in his letter to the chairman of your committee, these monuments "will tell us of the past and instruct with regard to the duties of life and the virtues of patriotism. We feel as we look upon them that the dead speak to us. They will do much to instruct and improve our citizens." It will show that this generation had some higher thoughts and aspirations than the mere scramble after filthy lucre, the degrading worship of Mammon. As Webster argued at Bunker Hill, it will evoke and appeal not only to lofty thoughts, but to that other important part of our being which has so much to do with the interests of religion and patriotism, "to sentiment and imagination." And where

in all the realms of romance and fancy do we find a more pathetic story than the massacre and common burial of Enoch Brown and scholars? The simple recital of this terrible tragedy stirs emotions at times too deep for tears. And, my friends, rest assured that when all the beauty and chivalry of Franklin county, here assembled to-day, shall sleep beneath the green clods of the valley, this place will be a pilgrim shrine, increasing in interest as age after age rolls by. These are

> "Shrines to code nor creed confined,
> The Delphian vales, the Palestines,
> The Meccas of the mind."

I pity the person who has so little patriotic and religious sentiment as to ask, as some are doing: "What good will the monument do? Might not this money have been applied to more useful purposes? Why not give it to the poor or the Children's Aid Society of Chambersburg?" This is but the doleful echo of that harsh old mercenary and selfish spirit which found its proper exponent in Judas Iscariot, who was filled with indignation because the grateful Mary anointed the blessed Master with three hundred pennyworth of precious ointment. "Might not this have been sold and given to the poor," exclaimed the arch traitor and thief. Over against this sanctimonious and Pharisaic spirit we place the gracious words of the blessed Master: "Let her alone. Why trouble ye her? She hath done what she could. She hath wrought a good work on me. Against the day of my burying she hath kept this. For ye have the poor with you always, and whensoever ye will ye may do them good, but me ye have not always. Verily I say unto you, wheresoever this gospel shall be preached throughout the whole world, this also that she hath done shall be spoken of for a memorial of her." Like the odor of a sweet smell the fragrance of that self-sacrificing deed of love comes floating down the ages full of instruction and heavenly benediction. Away with that low, groveling, utilitarian spirit which dares to rob the world of its beauty, its sunshine and song, which measures by dollars and cents the immeasurable debt of gratitude due our heroic pioneer ancestors!

Thank God, the debt so long unpaid, and the work so

long delayed, has not been entirely forgotten. All honor to the Centennial County Convention, of April 22, '84, and to all the good people who have helped with their dimes and dollars to build the monument. We wish the monument was worthier the wealthy county on whose bosom it stands. But such as it is, we take pleasure in handing it over to the teachers, scholars and citizens of Franklin county. Here is embodied the spirit of generous-hearted patriotism. Here are concentrated the offsprings of the poor and the rich, the dime of the bare-footed school boy and school girl, and the liberal benefactions of the wealthy. Here, too, the rich and poor will meet together for ages, and dwell upon the toils and trials of pioneer settlers, as illustrated in the massacre and burial of master and scholars in a common grave.

And now, in behalf of the Enoch Brown Monument Committee, appointed April 22, 1884, by the Franklin County Centennial Convention, I hand over these monuments, these hallowed grounds, all these rare historic treasures, to the teachers, scholars and people of Franklin county, to be cherished throughout all coming generations. Without debt or incumbrance, we give them. Here in my hand I hold the deed for these lands in fee simple given in trust for the use of the schools and the people. Take them, and may they be an inspiration and a benediction through all coming time, helping posterity to "remember the days of old and consider the years of many generations." God bless the teachers, scholars and people of Franklin county.

ADDRESS OF PETER A. WITMER, ESQ.

OF HAGERSTOWN, MD.,

And Superintendent of Public Schools in Washington County, Md.

Upon the invitation of the committee having charge of these memorial ceremonies, I am here, as a representative of your sister State of Maryland, to join in the tribute which we are met to pay to the manly sacrifices, and heroic endurance of the pioneers who here conquered the untamed wildness of nature, that we, their children and successors, might

enjoy, in peace and prosperity, the fertile soil, the health-giving climate, the beautiful scenery, and the happy homes which have made the Cumberland Valley the synonym of the "Paradise of America."

We are met, as I understand it, to recall the days when this beautiful valley was covered with primeval forests, and a robust, but some crude, civilization was pressing forward to conquer the wildness of nature and the still more stub-born wildness of the savage inhabitants who roamed at will over these hills and through these valleys. We stand, to-day, on what, one hundred and twenty years ago, was the utmost verge of American civilization. Beyond, toward the setting sun, was a howling wilderness; yonder, toward the rising sun, thirteen feeble colonies, apparently depending for exis-tence upon the mother country across the seas, inhabited by less than 3,000,000 people, constituted the Anglo-Saxon contingent which was to win to civilization and to freedom the grandest empire the world has ever seen. To-day that conquest has been made. Look around you and behold it. An almost limitless expanse of territory, reaching from ocean to ocean and from the lakes to the gulf; embracing every variety of surface, soil and climate, studded with cities and villas, with commercial marts and thriving inland towns, through which courses, in ceaseless pulsations, the full tide of an ever restless commerce; traversed by 125,000 miles of railways, which carry your products on the wings of the winds, chequered by 500,000 miles of electric wires, which transmit intelligence with the velocity of thought, watered by a thousand rivers, which make your valleys bloom and bourgeon like an Eden; filled with an active, busy, bustling population, the whole ruled by what we be-lieve to be the best government ever organized by man. See, all over your land, the studios of art, where the skill of the painter makes, instinct with beauty, the living canvas, and the sculptor's genius moulds the breathing marble into forms of life, and soul and passion; your courts, where Justice sits enthroned, crowned with a people's majesty, your halls of Legislature, where eloquence "rules her wilderness of free minds," your schools, and colleges, and universities, where the youth of the land are trained to meet

like men the responsibilities of life, your eleemosynary institutions, where charity comes like a benediction to so many weary hearts, your Sunday-schools, the great auxiliaries of the church in the work of human redemption; and, finally, your churches, the beautiful architectural creations of Christian ingenuity, and opulent devotion, whose spires are pointing the hopes of immortal flocks to the great Unseen Shepherd, while their choirs and organs pour forth, over hill and valley, a full tide of choral harmony, which, swelling in one grand diapason to the heavens, dies away at last in soft melodious cadence, at the foot of the throne of Him whose praise it celebrates.

This and more than this is your country. Such is the structure which has been reared upon foundations laid strong, and deep, and broad, by the men whose virtues and heroism we are here to-day to recount and commemorate.

In this connection I have been asked to refer to the part which Maryland took in the stirring events which have been so eloquently portrayed by the gentlemen who have already addressed you, and whilst I shall not enter upon historical details, I may say, generally, that Maryland in the colonial days stood fast by the fortunes of her sister colonies. Her fame is full of honor, in peace and in war. Sprung directly from the loins of the mother country, her sons inherited the spirit of freedom which wrung from King John the Magna Charta, and, subsequently, from England's royal line, still greater concessions. Imbued with that spirit, the founders of Maryland, when they landed on St. Mary's shore, planted there the emblem of Christ's suffering and man's salvation, and forever dedicated her soil to civil and religious liberty. She contributed freely of her blood and treasure to defend herself and her sister colonies from the rude assaults of the savage, and the more insidious but more dangerous advances of English tyranny, and if she failed to send a proper contingent to the Pontiac war it was because she was even then resisting the first attempts of England to tax the resources of the colonies to fill her depleted coffers. She became, as you all know, with your own great State, a child of the Revolution, and received upon her head its baptism of fire and blood.

The Maryland Line met the scarlet uniform and the glittering steel of England from the first dark hours of Bunker Hill to the final and triumphant glory at Yorktown, and she points with pride to her brilliant record through all that long and bloody career.

It is enough to know, my friends, that through the sufferings, the sacrifices and the many achievements of our fathers, to whose memory we have this day met to do honor, we are permitted to enjoy the priceless blessings of American liberty, and I shrink from claiming for the State which I have the honor to represent, and which I love so well, credit or fame, in any degree above that which belongs to each of the whole glorious thirteen.

But this occasion suggests another train of thought. We are here to dedicate a monument to the humble man, Enoch Brown, the teacher, who with his pupils, and on this very spot, fell a victim to the savage ferocity of the Indian and to duty. The world is full of monuments, but their inscriptions usually blazon the deeds of warriors, statesmen, poets. Rarely does the world rear the monumental pile to the humble school teacher. Fidelity, honor, faith, truth may all be his, and a moral heroism which, in the path of duty, scorns to turn aside from death; but these evoke no admiration. The glamour of war, the triumphs of eloquence, the rapt genius of poetry and art—these only are deemed worthy the homage of men. But here, one hundred and twenty-one years ago, a nobler man than warrior, politician, or poet, fell a martyr to duty and to civilization; therefore, it is fit that we raise this monument. It is right that the moral heroism, the undaunted courage, the sublime and splendid disregard of self and life which Enoch Brown exhibited should be perpetuated in stone, which, I trust, will be as enduring as the eternal hills that now look down upon it. True, he who lived so well, and died so nobly, and sleeps so calmly here, may not know what we now do.

> No storied urn, or animated bust,
> Back to its mansion calls the fleeting breath;
> Nor Honor's voice provokes the silent dust,
> Nor Flattery soothes the dull, cold ear of death;

but I believe that at the last Grand Assize, when the Judge

of all the earth shall pronounce humanity's final doom, it shall be said of Enoch Brown, as Christ said of Mary, he hath done what he could.

With the spirit of our Great Exemplar, he begged his brutal murderers to spare his pupils and take his life as a vicarious offering for them, And here is one great lesson that teachers may well learn—the lesson of love for those placed under their care. Love your pupils and they will reciprocate the feeling with all the fervor that glows in young hearts. Let them feel that you are their friend, not their master, and the spirit of insubordination will give way to confidence and trust.

This brings me, my friends, to a brief presentation of another subject which the mandate of your committee imposes—the educational idea suggested by these ceremonies.

Time will not permit me to enter into any general history of education, nor indeed, of this country. A rapid review of educational movements in your own great commonwealth is all that can be attempted.

It is well known that education in our early colonial time, and for many years after, was under the supervision and control of the various religious organizations of the country, and it is altogether probable that the school conducted here by Enoch Brown was, in some sort, a parochial school.

It is true that almost every colony had on its statute books provisions for the establishment of schools for the general education of the people, in other words, public schools; still these laws were, for different reasons, generally ineffective and inoperative.

As early as 1787, the General Government, in the famous ordinance for the government of the North-West Territory, set apart the sixteenth section of land in every township for the maintenance of public schools, basing their action upon the memorable declaration, that "Religion, morality and knowledge, being necessary to good government and the happiness of mankind, schools and the means of education shall be forever encouraged." Under this, and subsequent similar grants, an aggregate of not less than 140,000,000 acres of land have been set apart by the Government for educational purposes. Thus, early in the history of our

country, the General Government placed itself upon record as committed to the principles upon which our free or common schools of to-day are founded. Coming to the history of public instruction in your own great State, we find that so early as 1682, William Penn inserted in the form of government for his new province the provision, that "The Governor and the Provincial Council should erect and order all public schools," but the authority so vested was not exercised until many years after.

Your constitutions of 1776 and 1790 both contained provisions for the establishment of schools throughout the State, in which the poor were to be taught gratis, but the benevolent intentions of those who enacted these provisions were thwarted from the fact that they imposed the badge of poverty upon a certain element in the community, who resented with spirit the reproach which they believed such legislation was intended to fix upon them. The Act of your Assembly, passed in 1809, contained the same objectionable features and it was not until 1818 that legislation was secured, through the efforts of a number of the most prominent citizens of your State, which was supposed to abolish all class distinctions. This legislation was, however, local in its character, and applied only to the city of Philadelphia, and, even there, failed to remove the impression that it fixed the stigma of pauperism upon the poorer classes, as all previous laws were supposed to have done. The experiments which had been tried, and the efforts which had been made to establish a common school system, culminated in the passage of an Act in 1834, amended and improved in 1836, which is really the first common school law of this commonwealth. It established schools for the instruction of youth without regard to social or pecuniary condition. It established them upon the broad principles that public education is a public necessity, and must be maintained at public expense—that access to your schools must be free to all, just as access is free to any other public institution established for public comfort, convenience and use. There has been legislation affecting your public schools since 1835, but this legislation incorporated only such improvements as experience and an advancing civilization suggested, and

now your school system stands boldly out as one of the most important factors of those splendid commercial, social and educational results which Pennsylvania to-day presents to the world. A State which appropriates annually ten millions in money for the support of 2,300 teachers, and the education of 1,000,000 of her children, may well be proud of her educational record.

And now, my friends, is it necessary to inquire what this school system is worth, or to ask whether the results justify the expenditures? As one who has been identified with the work of public instruction, in my own State, for the last eighteen years, I say, with entire confidence in the truth of my statement, that your public school system is worth all that you pay for it.

We assume as postulates the trite propositions first, that our form of government is founded in and rests upon the virtue and intelligence of the people; secondly, that the public or common school is the best vehicle for the dissemination of this public virtue and popular intelligence. I shall not stop to discuss these propositions, since, whilst they do not probably challenge universal assent, we apprehend no gentleman would risk his reputation for knowledge of the essential characteristics of our national life by disputing the first, and no ambitious politician, aspiring to the spoils of office, would venture to do violence to the settled convictions of his constituents by publicly demurring to the second. The school house is everywhere, all over this land, regarded as an exponent of our civilization, I may say, indeed, as one of its pioneers, for whenever on broad prairie, or in fertile Western valley, or on auriferous mountain side, the sturdy emigrant presses his way to subjugate the forest, turn the virgin soil, or open the mine, there, too, we find the school house, at once the emblem of our civilization and the perpetual promise of intellectual progress to our country. I know that there are men in every State, and in every community, men who, while professing to criticise only defects in the system, strike at its very life. These gentlemen say that your public school system is simply a great charity for the benefit of the poor, and should therefore be limited to the most elementary instruction, while the money intended

for its support should be doled out with something of the liberality which a miser exhibits in dispensing alms. Your schools, my friends, are no more a charity than your courts or your roads maintained at public expense for the benefit and convenience of all. Again these critics say the training received at public schools unfit some people for their proper sphere in life, in other words, it makes the poor young man dissatisfied with his lot. In answer to this, I thank God that it does. Who shall fix any boy's future position in this life, in this age, and especially in this free America, where we recognize no royalty of blood but that which shows itself in an honest, earnest, manly life; no aristocracy but the aristocracy of the intellect; no nobility but that which derives its letters-patent from the King of Kings. I thank God for the aspirations which glow in the young hearts of the poor boys all over this land toward a better, a nobler and a higher life, and I pity the folly and the imbecility of the man who would seek to repress these aspirations or fix in a mould the future destiny of the youth of this country. As well attempt to bridle the winds or chain the cyclone, or to crush out the hope that lives in every Christian heart, of a happy life beyond the dark-flowing river. I appeal to every father and mother in this presence not to repress or hamper the development of mind in their children. We know not what possibilities of action and achievement are wrapped up in their young souls, and we should prove recreant to every parental duty and relation should we attempt to fix limits to the development of these possibilities.

That we are a much better educated people than we were a half century ago will not be disputed, and this is due, in our opinion, in a great degree, to the prevailing belief that education enables a man to lift himself in the social scale and generally to improve his condition in life. The public school is the most potential agency in this general diffusion of intelligence, and it, therefore, becomes a people, who would occupy a front rank among the States of the Union, to foster their public school system.

It may have defects, it has defects, but its work is none the less important, and its triumphs have been none the less

decisive, and my admonition to you, my friends, citizens of this great commonwealth, is to protect it, cherish it, and with a spirit rising into chivalry, and a love deepening into reverence, defend it through sunshine and storm.

To the teachers of Franklin county, who have contributed of their means and their labors to raise this monument, and who are here to commemorate the work and the service of one of their honorable profession, I may be permitted a word by way of suggestion and encouragement. I would have them remember that this is an age of remarkable mental activity. In every department of thought we note the earnest inquiries and anxious investigations of the foremost minds of the age. It would be strange if in investigations so far reaching, and all embracing the educational field, should be neglected. It has not been neglected, and in no department of inquiry shall we find greater activity than in that which concerns so vitally the welfare of the youth of this country. It is, therefore, your duty as intelligent teachers to keep fully abreast of the advanced thought of the day upon all questions relating to the proper education of children. You must not forget that you are the vanguard of that grand procession of the nations which is pressing along the world's highways to the world's ideal standard of perfection. It is your mission to teach the youth of the country that there are nobler things in life than military glory, or hoarded wealth, than the arts of the politician, or the tricks of modern statesmanship—that a progressive civilization is leading us onward and upward to higher and grander purposes of existence, to be wrought out not on the battle field, nor in heated political contests, nor even in the busy marts of trade, but in the quiet, peaceful homes, all over this broad land, where every unbought grace of life shall find its full development, and every manly instinct some object worthy of its loftiest aim.

Your work embraces all humanity, and in its elevation of that humanity to a higher plane, in inculcating just conception of moral, social and political duty, and in illustrating a broader brotherhood, a more generous civilization, and a more spiritual Christianity, there are fields of bloodless triumph grander far than ever hero conquered, and there are

guerdons to be won, such as we award to-day to Enoch Brown, richer far than the laurel crown of olden Greece. May you, as teachers, by the honest, intelligent and conscientious discharge of every duty deserve to win that grander triumph and to wear that richer guerdon; and may we all, my friends, as parents and guardians, be faithful to every obligation which our relations to the children impose, and so rest in the hope that they will revel, for ages and ages to come, in the full fruition of the splendid realities which we so fondly anticipate for them and for our country.

ADDRESS OF REV. F. M. WOODS,

OF MARTINSBURG, W. VA.

THE SCOTCH-IRISH PIONEERS OF OUR COUNTRY.

It is difficult for us to realize that only one short century and a quarter have passed since the hands of ruthless savages were steeped in the blood of helpless victims, upon the very spot where here to-day we stand. When you tell me that once this fair field was stained with the carnage of murdered school children; that this lovely valley once rang and re-echoed with the wild shout of the redman, I feel disposed to ask, in view of what now meets the eye, how many hundreds of years must have elapsed since these things were seen and heard?

God's purposes of grace and of providence unfold very fast. The Indian was an unprofitable tenant of this great land, and it was needful for him to give way to another and better. Selfish greed drew multitudes, who thought to pluck the Indian's title from his hand by violence and fraud. The Spaniard must stand condemned as the bloody and unjust aggressor, in that day when justice shall poise her infallible scales, to determine the relative guilt of the Christian and the pagan. The Castilians and the many adventurers who followed in their wake, proved themselves as little worthy to hold the continent as their predecessors had been. These were not the men whom God had in prepara-

tion for the inheritance of this vast estate. They were but as the dust, and the chaff and the dried leaves, which the coming storm gathers up upon the weapons of its vanguard and tosses in wild sport before it. The rain which enriches the earth and makes it fruitful, and supplies its fountains, comes in the storm, carrying the lightning for its torch, and the thunder for the diapason of its martial music. Another race of people, trained in a different school; animated by different ambitions; impelled by different motives, were destined to cross over into this fair land and claim it in the name of the great King, and to establish His throne as the basis and security of their own rights and the glory of their wide dominion. The stones of this great temple of freedom were being hewn in the vast quarries of Europe. Rabid fanaticism was made to be the pedagogue to train and discipline a body of men and women for the task of rescuing this country from the grasp of its heathen occupants, and of redeeming it to liberty.

The history of this valley and of the entire country, is very largely influenced by the character of the Scotch-Irish Presbyterianism of those early days. The Scotchman persecuted in his own country, migrated to the west of the channel dividing him from Ireland, and there sought liberty of worship. Mingling his blood with that of his new neighbors, there resulted a compound of force and tenacity, which has made the Scotch-Irishman almost a distinct race of being. Finding no rest for the sole of his foot in this home of his adoption, he again took his life in hand and gathered up his meagre substance, launched forth upon the ocean to find his abode where religious liberty could be enjoyed. This brought him to America, where he could worship God according to the dictates of a conscience enlightened and instructed by the word of God. These are the men whom we are proud to call our forefathers; and theirs was a faith to which their descendants for a thousand generations may well be glad to do reverence. May we and our children, and theirs in turn, have the wisdom and the grace, and the courage to emulate it!

It is proper for us, to-day and here in the presence of this beautiful monument, to recall some of the more salient

points in the character of those old worthies, to whose noble principles and true bravery we owe so much. For with their sword and their bow they achieved for us the glorious record of independence.

1. It is to be noted that they were not worthless adventurers or mere explorers, or the apostles of a godless civilization. They were not the seekers of worldly treasure simply. It was not mercenary greed which influenced their zeal. They were in search of a religious home, and of liberty of conscience. It was the honor of God and the blessings of the gospel of peace which they were resolved to secure. These privileges were denied them in their fatherland. They could easily have purchased a peace and remained in the countries from which they came, had they been willing to abjure their principles and their faith, and to submit with plastic grace to the imperious will of a religious despotism. The three Hebrews of Martyr Spirit, could have obtained a like disgraceful immunity, could they have smothered the protests of their faithful consciences and bowed in tame submission to the Chaldean monarch's tyrannical will, and worshipped the great image which he set up in the plain of Dura. But fired by the mighty impulse of indomitable principles, they chose the flames rather than cowardly obedience. Of like character was the spirit of these dauntless men, who with wives and mothers, and daughters, forsook all and followed Christ into these wild wastes. They brought the precious Bible with them, and they loved its truths, and fed upon them as upon manna. The word of God was the Man of their counsel. They sought unto it in all their troubles and shaped their lives by it. Their children were taught "to fear God and to keep His commandments," understanding that herein is "the whole of man." Their religion was to them a constant living reality. They did not keep it as a fashionable pretense, a flimsy robe of bright fastastic texture, which never saw the light, except on public and stated occasions. It was their "vade mecum." In the field, or in the forest; at home or on the march, or in the face of the foe, their God was their first consideration. Right was the law of life and the principle of action to them.

It will be readily conceded that men of this character could not be easily diverted from their purpose. Neither fear nor favor could disarm them. It is Christian principle which makes the best citizen, the best friend, the best neighbor, the best ruler. Christian principle makes the best pioneers. When men go out to do better for their rights with the Bible in their hands, and the fear of God in their hearts, they are a dangerous foe to meet. It is extremely difficult to persuade them of defeat. They strike with an arm of iron, and the fire of their wrath is unquenchable till justice is satisfied and truth has been vindicated. The men who sought these shores for gold and silver, or in the spirit of discovery, were not the men who gave nerve and stability to the institutions whose foundations were laid amid the troubled waves and the rushing waters of those early days. The spirit of John Knox and of Patrick Hamilton, and of Geo. Wishart, is alone able to meet and overcome the obstacles which the men of that day had to encounter.

2. The sufferings and trials to which these early settlers were subjected in the Old World, were a further step in the preparations through which Divine Providence was fitting them for their high and honorable destiny. Inured to hardship and to honest toil, the valorous sons and daughters of England, Scotland, France, Holland, Switzerland, Germany and Ireland, fearlessly came to these shores to conquer the unsubdued forests and win a righteous peace, and enjoy a godly independence. Holding to the essential principles of our common Presbyterianism, and deeply imbibing the rugged truths of a sturdy Calvinism, they were well calculated to "endure hardness as good soldiers of Jesus Christ," and to bring into subjection the rude natives and their howling desert home. They were accustomed to be driven from their homes and from one country to another. They were hunted like wild beasts. They had seen their comrades butchered in cold blood. Wives and husbands were torn cruelly from each other, and their children were slaughtered heartlessly before their eyes. They were exposed to hunger and thirst, and nakedness, they learned by the bitterness of experience, the full value of every privation. Their Chris-

tian (!) persecuters on that side of the ocean were more merciless and savage than the bloody Indian with his scalping-knife and tomahawk on this. Raised in comfort, many of them in luxury, they gave up home and became wanderers and strangers, dwelling in dens and caves. But these things only served to give an iron tone to the nerves of their spiritual being. Hardship had no terrors for men of this stamp. They were trained by dark adversity for the gigantic struggles of the arena on this western continent. Their arms were made strong to fell the great trees, and to subdue the ground, and to drive back the cruel foes who met them in these forests. The task was far removed from the conditions of the child's play. Theirs was the death-grasp with an enemy who was in furious earnest. He who would meet these Greeks, must himself be a Greek of the Greeks. "Behold they that wear soft clothing are in Kings' houses"—not on the borders, fighting the Indians, and daring their lives for truth and freedom to worship God.

3. It was furthermore of the first importance that these pilgrims and exiles, from beyond the seas, brought with them a very true conception of the nature and worth of right education. Their scientific curriculum may not have been so extensive and pretentious as that in which we glory to-day, "Darwinism," "survival of the fittest," "evolution," "molecules," and "protoplasm" and "the physical basis of life," had not then loomed up into such clearly defined proportions as they have since done. And the venerable anthropoid monkey had not yet been introduced into good society as the noble progenitor of a degenerated offspring. But notwithstanding these melancholy defects in their early education, our fathers knew something of their Bibles, and they valued it sufficiently to teach it to their children as an essential element in a thorough course of mental training. Their sons and daughters were taught the importance of worshiping God and of "keeping His commandments." The silly affectation by which the parents of this modern day seek to screen themselves from the keen thrusts of a guilty, reproaching conscience for neglecting the religious education of their children, saying that the child must be left to exercise its own judgment and choice, unbiased by

parental influence, is a cunning trick of the old adversary, the wily serpent, who loves nothing so well as to fold his slimy coils upon the family hearthstone, and to pollute with his presence the family altar. By this device he reaps yearly a bountiful harvest of priggish free-thinkers, and no-thinkers, and upstart fledglings, who think nothing so smart as a foppish pretension to a driveling skepticism which can giggle and nothing more, when the solemn realities of God, of death and of eternity are mentioned; and he reaps it from the harvest-field of the church. Far be the day removed from us and from our land when the Bible shall be excluded from our schools. Cursed be the genius of an education which leaves the heart ungarnished and the moral nature, the "inward part," the "hidden part," to become a garden of weeds. It becomes a Christian people to pay a worthy tribute to the old parochial school system, wherein the Word of God was a recognized text-book, and the rule and standard of conduct. The early settlers of this country were very anxious to bring the blessings of their school within easy reach of their children. In every little community the school-house and the fort were established near together, and were the two points of chief concern next to the church itself.

A mournful interest gathers around the memory of that good man, Enoch Brown, whose sad death the men of this generation has wisely and justly determined to enshrine in the hearts of their children forever. "Honor to whom honor is due." Washington is held in the affections of a grateful nation. Our great heroes of war, our statesmen, our scholars and scientists are horored by the nation, by the nations. Shall we allow this noble man, who fell bravely at the humble post of his duty, to sink under the waves of oblivion! Let his name be made known, and his worth be written upon the shaft of the imperishable granite! And let the principles which he inculcated be magnified in the sight of our children, that they may learn to value truth and to exalt it in their lives.

Of the few scholars who providentially survived the terrible massacre of the school of Enoch Brown, on the 26th of July, 1764, two especially were appointed to attain to the

parentage of a great number of sons and daughters, who shall rise up "to call them blessed."

One of the little girls became in the course of years the mother of the large and distinguished family of the Chambers', * of the adjacent city which bears their name. Another of those little girls was Eleanor Chochrane, aged seven or eight years, who was kept at home from the school on that fatal day by her parents. On the 24th of May, 1779, she was united in marriage to Captain Joseph Junkin, a brave and distinguished soldier and officer of the Revolutionary war. In virtue of this union she became the mother of fourteen children, ten sons and four daughters. These in turn became the parents of numerous offspring, which shows no alarming signs of becoming extinct at the present time.

Their children of the second and third generations exhibit much of the same true Calvinistic courage and strength of character which marked the older type.

We find in this family comforting evidence that our God is a covenant keeping God. Of the large family born to the pious Joseph Junkin and Eleanor Cochrane, two of the sons, George and David, became distinguished ministers of the Gospel, distinguished for learning and talent; but also for their holy zeal and consecration to the Master's work. Two of the daughters married ministers. Of the descendants in the next generation many became office-holders in the church. In all twenty or more of the children and grandchildren of Joseph and Eleanor Junkin have become ministers of the Gospel; and probably thirty have been chosen to the office of Ruling Elder. And there are very few if any of the children who are not Christians. God signalizes Himself in remembering His mercy.

A son of David X. Junkin, George, who lives in Virginia, is married to a great great granddaughter of Gen. Andrew Lewis, whom I suppose to be the officer who commanded the Virginia troops which joined Col. Henry Bouquet, when he marched into Ohio to punish the Indians for this atrocious massacre.

Thus in the fifth generation on the one side, and in the third on the other, the blood of the Virginia Lewises and

*See page 71.

of the Pennsylvania Cochranes unites in a family of eleven children, ten of whom are now living.

Of the family of Dr. George Junkin, two sons are able ministers of the New Testament. One is a distinguished and successful lawyer in Philadelphia. One of his daughters, Eleanor, was the first wife of the great Confederate General, T. J. Jackson, better known by his sobriquet of "Stonewall" Jackson. Another of his daughters, Mrs. Margaret J. Preston, wife of Col. J. S. L. Preston, of Lexington, Va., is widely known by her sweet and thrilling touch of the poet's lyre, which has awakened an echo of rapture in so many hearts, bringing light to those that walk in darkness and gladness to those bowed down with grief and sorrow.

But among so many why select only a few, when all are worthy? Let us all together give thanks to God for "His wonderful works to the children of men." After one hundred and twenty-one years, as our tardy memorial to the merits of well-nigh forgotten worth, we reverently unveil and dedicate this beautiful shaft, which shall ever serve to quicken our thoughts of the stirring times witnessed upon this classic spot.

POEM OF JOHN M. COOPER.

Enoch Brown.

Looking down the long vista that brings to our view
The face of this vale when her homesteads were new,
We see through the haze of the far-reaching years
A scene so pathetic it moves us to tears.
On the slope of a hill, near the edge of a wood,
With settlements scattered around it, there stood
A little log school house, with plain battened door,
And roof of lap shingles, and rough oaken floor.
'Twas the height of the summer and Sol's golden tide
Flowed in through a long row of glass in the side,
While the air, as if weary from journeying far,
Seemed scarcely to stir through the door wide ajar.
Within sat the master, with hair white as snow,
And eleven small children all ranged in a row,
And their lessons they droned as their primers they thumbed,
Till the little log house like a big bee-hive hummed.

Both master and children were happy that morn,
And had danger been hinted, would laughed it to scorn;

For the farmers were down in the mead making hay,
And the lambs skipped each other like children at play;
And the kine, of their burden relieved by the maid,
Chewed their cud with content in the orchard's green shade;
And the partridge piped clear in the stubble of grain,
And the robin was blithe down the red cherry lane;
And the low voice of doves came with soft, soothing sound,
From the forest that bounded the school-house around;
And the watch-dog lay dreaming, nor broke on his ear
E'en a faint sound of warning that danger was near.

The fair face of nature was bright with a smile,
Yet devils, red devils, stole here all the while.

The master had risen with bible in hand,
God's message to read to his tender young band,
When, sudden as wolves on the fold fast asleep,
Three savages came through the door with a leap—
Three red painted demons, with eyes wild aglare,
Like tigers whose nostrils scent blood in the air—
Three devils incarnate, with purpose as fell
As if formed in the black rankling bosom of hell.

The lion whose jungle bold hunters invade
Can defend it with weapons that nature has made,
But alas! the good master who fell here that day
Had no weapon defensive—he only could pray—
And prayers to the bloodhound let loose on the trail,
Though offered by angels, will nothing avail.
With a stroke of the hatchet his gray head they clove,
And deep in his bosom the dagger they drove;
And unmoved by their terror, the children they smote,
Till life gave its last gasping throb in the throat.

Then red-handed devils shot down yonder dell,
Like hot hissing flames through the wide flues of hell.

When the afternoon sun shone that sad, fateful day,
Some one had occasion to wander this way,
And struck by the silence, looked in at the door,
And his heart froze with horror, for there on the floor
Lay master and children, all covered with gore,
As if through the roof there had fallen a rain
Of mingled and horrible flesh, blood and brain.
And there Archie McCullough, with face all red
With the blood of his own poor bleeding head—
He alone living—his playmates all dead—
Was crawling around and calling the slain,
And patting their faces—alas! how vain—
In his childlike effort to wake them again.

The alarm being sounded, a youth on a steed
Went spreading the news with the uttermost speed—
No bit in the mouth nor a saddle on back,
No curb but the halter quick loosed from the rack.
The mettlesome steed seemed to understand
The terrible errand they had in hand,
And the swelling veins in his silken side,
And the luminous glow of his nostrils wide,
And the nervous spring of his arm and thigh,
And the curve of his neck and the flash of his eye,
As he haughtily tossed his foretop high,
Seemed plainly to say he would do it or die.

Then he swallowed the hill at a single bound,
And startled the settlements far around
With the rapid, resounding and furious pound
Of his shodden hoof on the hard dry ground,
As up winding road and through narrow lane,
And out on the winding road again,
And into the woods, where he shook the oak
And frightened the deer with his thunder stroke,
And over the clearing and down the ravine,
Wherever the smoke of a cabin was seen,
(Leaping the fences and leaping the bars
As a comet would leap over moon and stars,)
He carried his rider, who, gasping for breath,
Kept shouting his terrible message of death—
Of master and children stark dead and still,
In the little log school house on Guitner's hill.
The cheek of the mother grew pallid with fear,
And swooning she murmured "red devils are here."

Then the rake was let drop on the freshly cut hay,
And the scythe left to rust in the swath where it lay,
And the rifle was snatched from its place on the wall,
And the shot-pouch was filled up with powder and ball,
And the settlers went forth in hot search for the foe
Who had brought on their households this burden of woe.
But pursuit was in vain, and in sadness they turned
To their desolate homes, where dim vigil lamps burned,
And the mother sat mourning the child of her womb,
As it slept the deep sleep that leads down to the tomb.

Though long seem the hours whose seconds are grief,
The space between death and interment is brief,
And not long did the stricken mourn over their dead,
Ere the loved ones were laid in their last earthly bed:
First the master, with honor well due to his years;
Then the children around him, and over all tears;

And the hearts of a multitude throbbed in their breast
As the turf on their cold, silent bosoms was pressed.
In sorrow, with weeping, they laid them away,
And the bones of the martyrs are there to this day;
And so long as a star shall look down from the sky,
May this stone stand to point out the place where they lie.

Together they suffered, together they died,
And together they buried them side by side;
And together they rose on angels' wings
Where the music of harps with golden strings
Greets the sinless souls that cross over the river
To dwell in the Land of the Blessed forever.
And the face of the Lord shone bright, and he smiled
As he said in low, loving accents mild,
"Suffer the children to come unto me,
For of such must the kingdom of heaven be."
And he ordered the angels to fashion a crown,
Lined with velvet soft and with eider-down,
To bedeck the bruised head of old ENOCH BROWN.

Red devils can never break in and slay
Where that good old master is resting to-day.

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*ADDRESS OF DR. WM. H. EGLE,**

OF HARRISBURG, PA.

"MEN OF ANTRIM: Let us go backward one hundred and twenty-two years, to Anno Domini, One Thousand Seven Hundred and Sixty Three. The lilies of France had already given place to the cross of England, and thus ended, forever, the fond dream of the former—the establishment of a French empire in America. Founded in religious enthusiasm, culminating in persecutions shocking to civilization, they attempted to cement and continue their power by en-

*Owing to the lateness of the hour, Dr. Egle only delivered part of the able address which he had prepared for the occasion, on "Pontiac and Bouquet," He had promised to revise the entire document for this publication, but a multiplicity of other pressing duties prevented him from doing so. He has, however, revised, and somewhat enlarged the synopsis, published in the *Valley Spirit*, Aug. 5, 1885, which we furnish below. The Doctor felt that this was all that was really necessary, inasmuch as a large part of the ground traversed in his speech had already been covered by the pamphlet on "Col. Bouquet and His Campaigns," and by the proceedings of the Bouquet Celebration at Bushy Run, Aug. 6, 1883, which are now published in full, along with the ceremonies of the Enoch Brown Dedication.

listing the brutality of the Aborigine, working cruelty and bloodshed, but as ever the case, resulting in the downfall of those inaugurating such horrors. The last of the French soldiers had returned to their homes, yet the resentments and bitter hatred they had ruthlessly kindled in the minds and hearts of the savages remained. The Indian of to-day is only a prototype of those of a century ago. They are just as perfidious and treacherous now as they were then—and it is only possible that by education and the power and grace of Christianity, that they may become loyal inhabitants of a great country. We are no admirers of the Indian character, and in all our researches into the history of America, find the same traits and the same brutal instincts, which to-day fire the savage breast of the perfidious Apache." The speaker continued on a further description of their character.

Then taking up the theme of his address, "Pontiac and Bouquet," he outlined the history of Col. Bouquet in his warfare against the savages, who so ruthlessly desolated the homes of the frontiersmen of that early period, and recounted the engagements had with them. After a vivid description of the condition of the country and people in 1763–64, and the atrocities of the Indians, the orator said: "We now come to a dark transaction in the bloody annals of Border life, which we have especially assembled on this day and hour to recall. Located near this spot, in the summer of July, 1764, was a small log building, in which a pious school-master, Enoch Brown, taught a group of happy little children. It was in harvest-time, on the 26th of July. While those in their teens were assisting in gathering the crops, the smaller ones only engaged in study. The lessons of the early forenoon had nearly all been recited, and the scholars and their faithful teacher and friend were anticipating a recess from study. None can imagine the consternation and horror pictured on the faces of the late joyful group when rushing through the opened door came a band of brutal Indians. How and whence they came, unperceived by the settlers, and by chance, upon this gronp of children no one relates. It was a moment of awful suspense, as the 'Ugh' of the savages awoke the quiet of that summer's day.

Immediately the brave-hearted school-master, fully realizing the situation and the peril of the hour, bade the monsters take his life, but spare the innocent children, who were crouching in fear before the angry and infuriated red demons of the forest. There was no pity or mercy in that ruthless horde. At once the work of butchering began, and in less time than it can be related, the bloody deed was consummated. Hurriedly securing the scalps of teacher and scholars, as trophies of a victory, the inhuman monsters with hellish satisfaction, retraced their steps and were lost in the wilderness beyond."

"Why tarry the children? was the inquiry of the anxious frontier mother, as she looked out from her rude home towards the path to the school-house. Presently, anxiety gave way to alarm, and the male members of the family were sent out to learn the cause of their absence. How sad the discovery! It was indeed 'Holy Innocents' Day' in this new land of ours, and one which you, my friends, have seen fit to remember. And yet, I think I hear some say, what of this dark and bloody deed so disgraceful to humanity, so horrifying to all the finer feelings of our nature,—why commemorate, why not allow oblivion to cast an eternal shadow over the transaction? My friends, if it was only the atrocious butchery of that day, we might well cover over and hide it from earthly annals forever. But in that sanguinary hour there were the grand and ennobling characteristics of Christian manhood and glory shining forth; which have come down to us through all the cathedral aisles of time, and prompted us to erect in this place this memorial. The deed perpetrated one hundred and twenty-one years ago, is a land-mark in the history of this locality, and this stone will be a constant reminder of the sufferings endured by your ancestors, who indeed made the wilderness to blossom as the rose, and founded through many trials and great sufferings, homes you now enjoy in peace and plenty. That heroic teacher, with the Bible in his hand imploring his brutal murderers to take his life and spare the innocent ones around him, eminently deserves the voiced recognition here given. The band of children, slaughtered through savage hate, most of whose names are unknown to us, have

a sacred memory which you do well to record. Their lives were sacrificed not without some grand purpose. It touched, at least, the hearts of the Quaker Assembly, who at once determined to place the country in defence. It nerved the souls of the settlers to defend their homes and wipe the heathen from the land. And, citizens of Antrim and this highly favored locality, you have done a good thing in the erection of this memorial.

Dr. Egle took up the campaign of Bouquet after the massacre here and alluded with words of praise to the Findlays and Dixons, the Maclays and McDowells, the Armstrongs and Chambers's, the Jacks and Johnstons and Potters who accompanied him. Referring to a later period he said: "Among the hundreds of Scotch-Irish who served in the war of the Revolution from the Antrim, Letterkenny and Lurgan of old not one turned Tory. Born among privation and tyranny, in the sternness of integrity and heartfelt piety, with the Bible in one hand and the trusty rifle in the other, let us give the meed of praise to the early settlers of this locality, whose crowning excellence was their devotion to religion and their unflinching duty to God and man."

After tracing Bouquet's course in the west with his army, partly made up of the men just described, narrating the recapitulation of the Indians and the ultimate success of the brave commander, Dr. Egle concluded: "Thus ended the power of the Western Indians, and the war inaugurated by Pontiac and Kyasutha closed. The peace which ensued lasted for a period of ten years, and confidence and security were given to the pioneers of the west. The frontiers were removed from this locality west of the Alleghenies, and never more did the foot of the hostile savage tread this beautiful valley. It was during this period of quietude that emigration to the valley of the Ohio's headwaters was permanently commenced—when the foundations were laid of great and powerful States now holding a controlling influence in the American nation. To Col. Henry Bouquet, the gallent Swiss officer, more than to any other who served in the French and Indian war, are we indebted for much of the prosperity which followed. He was incomparably a strong man—firm and decided as an officer and intrepid

as a soldier. His remains rest in an unknown grave on the Florida coast, but his name and fame are inseparably connected with the history of our State. He did signal service in his day and generation, and the influence of his heroic deeds has thrilled unumbered hearts through the years which have intervened."

"Pontiac and Bouquet! The first the personification of a savage Napoleon, brutal, inhuman and treacherous—murder and lust glaring his eye-balls—pollution and baseness in all his acts. The latter—a man standing out grand and glorious, fulfilling life's noble destiny, magnanimous as he was brave, a soldier by education, but an upright citizen and Christian gentleman. The former not the ideal representative of his race, but the true, with all the evil of human nature; the latter with the God-like attributes of mankind."

"Men of Antrim, I am done. With the work you have this day completed do not imagine that your duties of life are finished. In commemorating the virtues of the schoolmaster of the long ago you should not forget the glorious principles which underlie all noble actions. Instil into the minds of your children a reverence for the good, by precept as well as by example. If the pious teacher of one hundred and twenty-one years ago deserves this commemorative stone, let the remembrance of the events of that era frequently cause you to reflect upon the blessings you enjoy and thank God that you live in prosperous peace."

APPENDIX.

THE CHRISTIAN NAME OF SCHOOLMASTER BROWN.

Considerable ado was made last summer by one of the Chambersburg papers over a supposed mistake in the name of the martyred schoolmaster. It was alleged, on the pretended authority of Dr. Egle, that his name was Hugh instead of Enoch. In a conversation with the writer on the evening of Dedication Day, in presence af Poet Cooper, Dr. Egle emphatically remarked that he never had authorized such statements. Said he, "I never said that the schoolmaster's name was Hugh or that it was not Enoch. In my speech to-day I repeatedly called him Enoch. We must take tradition where we have no history that positively contradicts it. I spent several days in Carlisle recently examining the old lists of Cumberland county taxables, &c., but found no mention of either Enoch or Hugh Brown among them." General David Detrich and his aged sister, Mrs. Diehl, also Mrs. Scott, besides other old citizens, affirm that Betty Hopkins always called the schoolmaster *Enoch;* Mrs. Scott heard her call him Enoch nearly eighty years ago. Capt. C. F. Bonner is a great grandson of the massacred teacher, and says all the family traditions gave him the name "Enoch." Ancient papers which would doubtless have made this matter perfectly clear were thoughtlessly destroyed many years ago.

Andrew N. Rankin, Esq., of Jamaica, N. Y., states that his grandmother's maiden name was Brown and that her father was a cousin of the murdered schoolmaster. She had often told him the story of the massacre and had not only called the master Enoch, but had given the reason why he was originally named Enoch. He was born in Ireland, where thirteen is considered unlucky. Being the thirteenth child in his father's family his parents sought to ward off bad luck by naming the child *Enoch*, after the first man "who was translated without tasting death." See Gen. 5, 24. 'Squire

Rankin (the father of A. N.) was a leading spirit in the work of exhuming the remains of the teacher and scholars, August 4, 1843. He also furnished, along with George W. Ziegler, Esq., the detailed account of the same, which was afterwards published by I. D. Rupp in the county history and inserted from time to time in the county papers. The Irish device to ward off bad luck from Enoch Brown seems not to have been very successful, and yet, humanely speaking, we can say, in the light of present surroundings, that there was good luck in the bad luck. Providence overruled the massacre, we believe, to secure from the Provincial government for Bouquet the reinforcements for which he vainly pleaded the year before. And but for this massacre and the self-sacrificing spirit shown in that fiery ordeal, history would know nothing of Enoch Brown, the martyred schoolmaster, and no monument would perpetuate his memory.

ENOCH BROWN POETRY.

The following is the full text of the poem, the last two verses of which form the inscription on the south side of the monument:

A Poem—In Memoriam.*

With anguish sore and bitter woe,
The hearts of Konoshick† are wrung
Alas! the cruel Indian foe
Has slain the tender and the young.

As Rachel wept in Judah's land
O'er infants slain by tyrant king,
So Antrim wails her martyr band,
Her homes with lamentations ring.

As heroes fall, at duty's post,
So fell the master and his school,
A sacrifice, a holocaust,
To border life and Quaker rule.

The place is holy where they died,
In Christian faith and childhood pure,
And where they laid them side by side,
In common grave and sepulture.

*By a friend of the monument, February 10, 1885.
†One of the old ways of spelling Conococheague.

And ye, who now in safety dwell,
In Cumberland's enchanting vale,
Revere the spot and mark it well,
Where long was heard the mother's wail.

For not in vain the martyrs die,
Their death brings life to pioneers,
Who gain the burden of their cry,
Relief denied in former years.

Bouquet has sought the tiger's lair
With trusty lion-hearted men;
Kind Heaven grants the settlers' prayer,
The Dove of Peace returns again—

The tomahawk and scalping knife,
Long red with Anglo-Saxon gore,
The symbols dire of savage strife,
Are seen on Antrim's hills no more.

The ground is holy where they fell
And where their mingled ashes lie,
Ye Christian people mark it well
With granite column strong and high.

And cherish well, forevermore,
The storied wealth of early years,
The sacred legacies of yore,
The toils and trials of pioneers.

THE QUAKER POET.

While Prof. J. Fraise Richard was gathering data for the history of Franklin county, he wrote a letter to John G. Whittier, the New England poet, requesting him to write a poem on the massacre of Enoch Brown and the school children. The following letter was received by Mr. Richard in reply, viz:

OAK KNOLL, DANVERS, Mass.,
3d month 19, 1886.

DEAR FRIEND: I am glad to know that the people of Franklin county have erected a monument to the memory of the noble, Christian

schoolmaster and his slain children, and that the history of the county is to be written by thyself. In my state of health I do not feel equal to the exciting effort of writing a poem on so sad a theme. But I thank thee for thy letter and enclosed circulars, and am truly thy friend,

JOHN G. WHITTIER.

HON. HORATIO SEYMOUR ON THE MONUMENT.

In December, 1881, the Greencastle *Press* published a letter from Hon. Horatio Seymour to Rev. Cyrus Cort, stating that "it is time that our people are made acquainted with our obligations to the German and Holland lineages," and thanking him for an article on Baron Steuben, which Rev. Cort had furnished the *Reformed Church Messenger* about the time of the Yorktown Centennial Celebration. Mr. Seymour had been chiefly instrumental in having an invitation sent to the Steubens of Germany, by the American Government, who he thought deserved it as well as the Lafayettes of France, to participate in that centennial celebration. Baron Steuben was the efficient drill-master and Inspector General of the Revolutionary Army at Valley Forge and vastly improved its discipline and effectiveness. He managed the siege and commanded a division in the trenches which was about to storm the camp of Cornwallis at the very hour that the flag of surrender was hung out. After the war he was for some years an elder in the Reformed church in Nassau street, New York city, in which church a memorial tablet was placed by his aide, General North, after the Baron's death. Mr. Seymonr recently celebrated his 75th birthday and at the same time his Golden Wedding. In connection with this event Rev. Cort sent him copies of several poems written a few months ago in honor of similar events celebrated by his uncles, Simon Cort at Denver, Col., and Daniel Cort at Zwingli, Iowa, and their wives. He enclosed at the same time one of the Enoch Brown circulars. Mr. Seymour promptly acknowledged the receipt of these documents in an autograph letter to Rev. Cort, which we believe will be of special interest now that the distinguished

Statesman has passed away along with his beloved wife, under very pathetic circumstances.

UTICA, N. Y., July 9, 1885.

MY DEAR SIR.—I am under obligations to you for sending me copies of your verses written on the Fiftieth anniversaries of the marriages of your kinsfolk, Mr. and Mrs. Simon Cort, and Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Cort. They are very happily conceived and expressed. I am also interested in the circular with regard to the Enoch Brown Monument. I have given some time and attention to the erection of monuments in commemoration of events. Such monuments have done much to teach about the past and to instruct with regard to duties of life and the virtues of patriotism, &c. We feel as we look upon them that the dead speak to us. A number of such monuments were put up in this section about the time of our national centennial year. They have done much to instruct and improve our citizens. I trust the effort to put up the Enoch Brown Monument was successful. Again thanking you for sending me the verses and the circular about the monument, I am

Respectfully yours,

HORATIO SEYMOUR.

To the Rev. Cyrus Cort.

REPORT OF THE TREASURER OF THE ENOCH BROWN MONUMENT FUND, JANUARY 4, 1886.

To amount received:

H. M. Gilmore, Chambersburg,	$	1 00
German Street Grammar School, Chambersburg,		1 80
Public Schools of Chambersburg,		69 30
Chambersburg Academy,		6 00
Collection Presbyterian Churches, Chambersburg,		36 95
Zion's Reformed Church and Sunday School, Chambersburg,		15 00
Methodist Sunday School, Chambersburg,		6 00
First Lutheran Sunday School, Chambersburg,		15 17
King Street U. B. Church, Chambersburg,		5 11
Public Schools and Sunday Schools, Quincy Twp., per Col. Wiestling,		88 67
Individual contribution, Col. Wiestling,		20 00
Individual contributions from citizens of Greencastle and vicinity,		140 25
Presbyterian Church and Sunday School, Greencastle,		25 00
Reformed Church and Sunday School, Greencastle,		28 14
Methodist Sunday School, Greencastle,		2 00
Public and Select Schools, Greencastle,		10 10
Carried forward,	$	470 49

Amount brought forward,	$ 470	49
Brown's Mills Public Schools,	13	75
Antrim Grove " "	9	20
Clay Hill " "	2	00
New Haven " "	2	25
Pleasant Retreat " "	4	50
Cedar Grove " "	12	50
Highland " "	10	00
Bushtown " "	3	75
Middleburg " "	1	30
Shady Grove Sunday School,	9	50
Paradise " "	4	85
Reformed Church, Middleburg,	1	73
Jacob Hershey and others	3	45
Mrs. Martha J. Nevin, Stephen Keifer, Dr. Wm. H. Egle, Dr. L. B. Rowland and others, per Rev. C. Cort,	35	84
Citizens of Mercersburg,	28	50
Lutheran Sunday School, Mercersburg,	2	40
Reformed " " "	5	40
Mercersburg College,	4	35
Reformed Sunday School, Fort Loudon,	2	58
Public Schools of Fort Loudon,	3	46
Welsh Run Presbyterian Sunday School,	5	03
Union Sunday School, Lenhersville,	6	00
Individual contributions from citizens of Waynesboro and Washington townships,	39	00
Washington township Public Schools,	33	12
Waynesboro Public Schools,	7	80
Methodist Church, Waynesboro,	3	01
U. B. Mission Church, "	2	45
Harry C. Strickler, "	1	00
Cave Dale Public School, Peters township,	3	15
St. Stephen's Sunday School, Upton,	15	65
Union Church Services, Upton,	1	85
C. M. Deatrich and others, St. Thomas,	14	10
Methodist Sunday School,	3	25
Amberson's Valley Sunday School,	13	50
Carrick U. B. Sunday School,		80
Spring Run U. B. Sunday School,	5	45
Spring Run Public School,	5	40
Dry Run " "	3	40
Concord and Wolff's Sunday School,	2	15
Basket collection per Rev. George, Strasburg,	2	20
Union Sunday School, Strasburg,	6	60
Union " " Greenwood,	2	50
Centre " " Path Valley,	3	98
Lutheran Sunday School, Orrstown,	1	12
Carried forward,	$ 814	31

Amount brought forward,	$ 814	31
Church of God, Orrstown,	1	33
Public School, Orrstown,	1	55
Blue Spring Sunday School,	3	50
U. B. Sunday School, Guilford township,	5	30
Marion Public School,	18	60
Cedar Grove Public School,	10	35
Falling Spring Public School,	2	30
B. F. Crawford and others,	3	00
Sylvan Sunday School,	11	73
Carrick M. E. Sunday School,	1	80
New Franklin and Bethel Sunday School,	10	00
Fayetteville Lutheran Sunday School,	7	82
Greenvillage Lutheran Sunday School, Smoketown U. S. S., Clark's School, Salem School, Garfield, Row District and Scotland U. B. S. S.,	15	95
John A. Zullinger and others, Southampton township,	10	32
Williamson Union Sunday School,	5	05
Norman " " " Lehmaster's station,	5	90
R. R. Rebate from Centennial Executive Committee,	423	91
Total,	$1,352	72

By amount paid : CONTRA.

Captain J. Deihl, for land,	$ 484	69
W. N. Meredith, for Monument,	491	50
U. G. Hawbecker, for stone and cement,	27	50
Brewer & Winger, for stone,	3	60
S Z. Hawbecker, for stone cutters, &c.,	29	96
Henry Lohr, for dressing stone,	5	25
S. P. Stouffer, for dressing stone,	5	25
C. C. Pentz, for mason work,	10	00
D. A. Pentz, for mason work,	7	50
Charles Martin, for stone cutting,	12	00
S. S. Easton, for labor at monument,	6	00
Wesley Lizer, for hauling stone,	2	00
Greencastle *Press*, for printing circulars, badges, &c.,	18	25
M. A. Foltz, for printing circulars, &c.,	15	00
G. W. & D. Zeigler, for satin ribbon,	3	45
U. N. Speilman, for U. S. Flags,	1	45
B. F. Winger, expenses of trip to Mercersburg and for mailing dedication circulars,	3	33
Daniel Foreman, carriage for speakers,	2	00
D. B. Keefer, for iron fences,	142	24
W. B. Lear & Son, for placing iron fences,	12	24
Carried forward,	$ 1,283	19

Amount brought forward,	$ 1,283 19
Clippinger & Spielman, for terra-cotta pipe,	1 80
J. S. Snively, for lumber used in dedication platform,	2 85
Luther Palmer, for hauling lumber,	2 00
Rev. C. Cort, for printing, postage, trip to Mt. Alto and Gettysburg to examine granite, cement for terra-cotta piping, telegraphing, ice on Dedication Day, in all,	9 77
Postage paid by Treasurer,	60
	$1,300 20
Balance in hands of Treasurer,	$ 52 52

Respectfully submitted,
A. H. STRICKLER, *Treas.*,
Waynesboro, Pa.

NOTE BY EDITOR.—In addition to the two hundred and eighty odd dollars credited in the above list to citizens of Greencastle and Antrim township, they gave in labor and hauling upwards of fifty dollars, right in the midst of harvest, making in all nearly one-fourth of the entire cost, and making fully one-third of the cost without counting the surplus land. Well done for Mother Antrim! Leaving out the railroad rebate only about $600 remains, or less considerably than half the cost, as the contribution of Franklin county outside of Antrim township.

INCORPORATION.

The following articles of Incorporation were duly approved by the Court of Franklin county, Pa., Dec. 7, 1885, and the Enoch Brown Park and Monument Association was created a body politic, or corporate in law in accordance therewith, by decree of the Honorable Court, on petition of Cyrus Cort, Robt. J. Boyd, A. H. Strickler, W. D. Dixon and B. F. Winger. The same are recorded in the Prothonotary's office and also in Charter Book, Vol. 1, page 244, &c., in Recorder's office of said county.

ARTICLES OF INCORPORATION.

FIRST: The name of this incorporation shall be known as the "Enoch Brown Park and Monument Association."

SECOND: The object of this association shall be to honor and perpet-

uate the memory of Schoolmaster Enoch Brown and eleven scholars massacred by Indians, July 26, 1764, by securing in fee simple from Capt. Jacob Diehl, and holding in perpetuity for cemetery, social, religious and patriotic uses for the schools and citizens of said county, the grounds in Antrim township, a few miles north of Greencastle, containing the site of the school-house where the massacre occurred, also the site of the common grave in which the master and ten scholars lie buried, and the adjacent spring a few rods southwest of said grave, and the avenue leading to the public road, north of the Park, together with the monuments, iron fences and other improvements erected on said grounds, under the auspices of this Association.

THIRD: The Enoch Brown Park, aforesaid, of Greencastle, Pa., shall be the regular place of business af this Association, and July 26, at 10 A. M. the time of the annual meeting, which shall always be held at the Park, unless otherwise ordered by a majority of the Association in writing.

FOURTH: This Association shall exist in perpetuity, and its members shall have no power to sell, mortgage or encumber the grounds which contain the site of the school-house and grave, now marked by granite monuments, or the adjacent spring.

FIFTH: The officers of this Association shall be a president, secretary and treasurer, with duties and powers usually appertaining to said offices.

SIXTH: The names and residences of its members are as follows: Cyrus Cort, (President), Greencastle; Robt. J. Boyd, (Secretary), Upton; A. H. Strickler, (Treasurer), Waynesboro; W. D. Dixon, St. Thomas and D. Watson Rowe, Chambersburg, all of said county.

SEVENTH: Any vacancy occurring in this Association, or among its officers by death, removal or resignation, shall be filled by election at the next annual meeting, or at a special meeting called for that purpose, and none but citizens of Franklin county shall be eligible for such positions.

EIGHTH: Three members shall constitute a quorum, either in person or by written proxy.

NINTH: Special meetings may be called at any time by the president, one week's notice being given the members, to transact such business as may be specified in the call, and no other, unless all the members are present, or represented by proxies with authority in writing.

TENTH: The funds in possession of this Association, and all securities representing funds, whether received by gift, legacy, or from the sale of the fifteen acres, more or less, of the surplus land bought of Captain Jacob Diehl, shall be conveyed to A. H. Strickler, Robt. J. Boyd and B. F. Winger, as trustees, and their successors in office to be appointed by the Honorable Court of Franklin county, and shall be invested in securities, approved by the Court, the annual interest or proceeds to be paid over promptly to the treasurer of this Association, to be devoted to keeping the grounds, fences, monu-

ments, spring, etc., in good repair in accordance with the action of the Franklin County Centennial Convention of April 22, 1884, after all the necessary expenses for grounds, monuments, etc., have been paid.

ELEVENTH : Any vacancy occurring in said Board of Trustees, shall be filled by the Court of Franklin county, on notice to that effect being given by said trustees, or by the secretary of this Association.

TWELFTH : No members of this Association, or its Board of Trustees, shall be allowed to make any charges for their time or services, while attending meetings of the Association or Board, or for the performance of any official duty in furtherance of the sacred trust committed to their care by the people of Franklin county.

THIRTEENTH : This Association shall have power to make, adopt, alter or amend such rules and by-laws as may be necessary, provided they do not conflict with the foregoing articles, the Constitution of Pennsylvania, or the Constitution of the United States.

THE ARCHIE McCULLOUGH SPRING.

One of the most interesting and important features of the Enoch Brown Park, is the Archie McCullough Spring. At this spring, Schoolmaster Brown and scholars were wont to slake their thirst on the hot summer days. Here little Archie McCullough was found by Mr. Linn, according to tradition, soon after the massacre, trying to wash the clotted blood from his face and scalpless head. The water is clear as crystal, and for a slate hill spring, is remarkably cool.

Overrun by cattle, and never cleaned out for many years, this spring was simply a miasmatic mudhole or quagmire when the Enoch Brown Committee bought the Park. Miss Susan Koser insisted that it was an excellent spring, whose waters were highly prized by her father, Captain Christian Koser, on account of medicinal qualities. For many years he kept a constant supply of it in his cellar and had great faith in its curative properties.

This testimony alone with the older traditions, induced the committee to put down terra-cotta piping, so as to drain the spring properly. They also walled it up in a substantial manner. The results were equal to the most sanguine expectations. The different parties who drank the water most freely, while fixing up the park and monument, were con-

vinced that it had valuable medicinal properties similar to those of the Bedford mineral springs, so famous for relieving or curing kidney and liver ailments. Adding a little salt makes it taste very much like the famous Vichy water.

Large quantities can be drank without any inconvenience, except that any malarial tendency in the system is driven to the surface in the form of hives, etc., causing temporary annoyance, but conducing to greater permanent healthfullness. Restored to its pristine beauty and utility, the spring is a treasure, not only on account of the pathetic interest that attaches to it because of ancient association, but because it promises to be a practical blessing to thousands of visitors for all time to come.

MOTHER TERRAPIN.

A great many land turtles of different sizes were found among the rubbish immediately adjoining the grave of Enoch Brown and scholars. A young doctor present concluded to score one for Hugh, and marked on the shell of one of the most venerable of these creatures, the initials and date, "H. B., 1764." This was intended to give aid and comfort to the advocates of Hugh Brown, whose ghost is supposed to lurk about the park, glaring fiercely betimes at the word *Enoch*, carved in big letters on both monuments. In this way the toilers, who worked for nothing and boarded themselves, while clearing the grounds of brush and briars, beguiled the hours occasionally when the thermometer was 98 in the shade. The turtle clan or totem is an important one among every large tribe of Indians, along with the wolf and bear, etc. And among white people many may be fitly represented by grandmother terrapin, moving sluggishly over and around the most sacred associations, living, as it were, in the past, but without a particle of reverence or enthusiasm for what is noble and enduring in the past. The remarks and actions of not a few persons in our county, in reference to the monumental project during the past year, indicate that they belong to the tortoise totem. It is to be hoped

that a more intelligent, progressive spirit will actuate them in time to come, or that their childeren may at least catch nobler historic aspirations.

We believe that the Enoch Brown Park and monuments will help greatly to bring about this desirable result.

THE COUNTY SUPERINTENDENT'S ABSENCE.

Everybody was delighted with the noble and eloquent speech of Peter A. Witmer, Esq., Superintendent of Public Instruction in Washington county, Md. He did full justice to the important educational features involved in the dedication ceremonies and brought out in grand array from his treasures things new and old. The question naturally arose, where was Franklin county's own Superintendent on that memorable occasion? Did he try to rally the educational forces of the county to unite with all true-hearted, public-spirited citizens in their magnificent effort to honor the memory of the noble master and scholars who fell as pioneer martyrs in the cause of Christian education, and who consecrated Antrim's hills with their precious blood 121 years ago? Not a bit of it. Mr. Dysert is not that kind of a man. He was only conspicuous by his absence, trying to prevent others from attending by getting up a little side show at St. Thomas, where the papers stated he intended having a public examination of teachers on August 4, 1885.

He seemed to be in full accord with several Chambersburg papers, which did all they could to confuse the public with regard to the time and place of the dedication ceremonies, and made a frantic effort to get up a reunion of colored veterans in Chambersburg on that particular day to keep the people from attending at the park. They succeeded as far as Chambersburg was concerned. Not over three dozen of her citizens were present at the dedication ceremonies, although Mother Antrim led the van at the Centennial parades, September 8 and 9, 1884, when over two thousand of her citizens flocked to the county seat, most of them paying regular railroad fare in full expecta-

tion that all the rebate would go to the Enoch Brown monument fund, as the convention of April 22, 1884, had decided.

Superintendent Dysert's indifference or hostility to the Enoch Brown memorial was shown on other occasions. He refused to issue a card to the teachers and schools of the county, urging them to co-operate with the Enoch Brown Committee in raising funds for the monument, according to the earnest request of the Sovereign Centennial Convention of April 22, 1884. He refused to let the Enoch Brown Committee, consisting of Colonels Wiestling and Dixon, and Capt. Boyd and Rev. Cort, to lay the memorial project before the County Teachers' Institute, when the two latter appeared for that purpose in person; also representing Col. Wiestling by proxy, November 19, 1884. He said to the writer of this note that Enoch Brown did not represent anything, not even courage, and that the bulk of the funds contributed toward the erection of the monument had better be given to the Children's Aid Society in Chambersburg. Thus, with surprising mental and moral obliquity, he set up his contracted notions as superior to the Franklin County Centennial Convention, and in opposition to the judgment of the best historians, scholars, theologians, statesmen and poets in the land. The poor privilege of presenting the cause in a five minutes' speech before the Institute was denied the representatives of the Enoch Brown Committee by Superintendent Dysert. He finally consented to let the memorial of the Enoch Brown Committee go before the Committee of the Institute on Resolutions, which he sought to construct so as to smother the memorial. But in this he was outgeneraled. The committee reported favorable action in the shape of two resolutions prepared in advance by a friend of the cause. All the teachers in the county were urged to contribute and get their scholars to give at least one dime on or before New Year. The resolutions went through without opposition, but it was given out immediately by those nearest the Superintendent's throne that they were expected to remain a dead letter. No effort was made to give them vitality on the part of Mr. Dysert and his special friends, although adopted by the Institute.

All this helps us to understand why Superintendent Dysert

was absent and why the Enoch Brown Committee had to look to another county and another State to find a Superintendent in sympathy with the sacred duty imposed upon them by the Franklin County Centennial Convention, a man whose interest and enthusiasm in the cause of education reaches beyond the mere question of loaves and fishes.

We felt that a candid presentation of these facts belonged to the history of the monument, and was due the friends of the movement to honor the memory of the massacred master and scholars. Along with many other things, too numerous to mention, they help to show the ignoble opposition the committee had to face and overcome in the prosecution of their work. Thanks to a kind Providence their efforts have been crowned with gratifying success and the Enoch Brown park and monuments are fixed and enduring facts.

A WORD OF EXPLANATION.

It was stated in the newspapers last autumn, that arrangements had been made by representatives of the Enoch Brown Memorial Committee and the Executive Committee at Chambersburg, to publish jointly a full history of the Centennial of Franklin county. In addition to the contents of the present volume, the proposed history was to have given a full account of the Centennial Convention of April 22, 1884, the parades, speeches, poem, &c., of September 8 and 9, 1884, &c. A joint contract on very favorable terms had been entered into for such publication, revised copies of the centennial speeches and poem had been secured, and the title page had already been issued, when it was learned that the majority of the Executive Committee and of its sub-committee on publication, had repudiated the action of its representative, O. C. Bowers, Esq., in making said contract with the Enoch Brown Committee and with the publishers.

B. F. Gillmore and Jas. A. McKnight, Esq., seem to be mainly responsible for this renewed breach of faith on the part of the Executive Committee or it representatives. Their conduct is all the more remarkable when we bear in

mind, that out of the three hundred and thirty-four dollars ($334) of railroad rebate, unjustly withheld from the Enoch Brown fund by said Executive Committee, one hnndred and thirty or thirty-five dollars ($130 or $135) had been set aside for the avowed purpose of publishing the centennial history, the profits or proceeds of which the Executive Committee had publicly pledged to the Enoch Brown monument fund. That money is still in the hands of Mr. John McDowell, Treasurer of the Executive Committee, and no honest effort has yet been made to redeem the pledge by publishing the whole or even a part of the centennial history. They objected to giving the contract to a publishing house in Lancaster, Pa., which agreed to print 1,200 copies of the entire history for less than half the amount asked for the same job by the two best printing establishments in Chambersburg. The proprietors of the Greencastle *Press* had offered to do the work and guarantee a good job, for ten dollars more than the Lancaster bid. To obviate the objection against letting the job go outside of the county, the Enoch Brown representative then proposed to compromise by accepting the offer of the Greencastle firm, and give it to the lowest bidder in the county, but this proposal was also rejected.

This action of the Executive Committee needs no comment. We simply state the facts in this brief, explanatory way, that the people of Franklin county may know the reason why the centennial history appears in fragmentary form, and why a large part of it did not appear a year sooner, according to promise. After waiting in vain for over six months, in deference to the wishes of Mr. Bowers, to give the Executive Committee full opportunity to make good its obligations, redeem its pledges, and meet the expectations of all honorable, public-spirited citizens, the Enoch Brown Committee has gone forward, as best it could, with the present volume agreeably to the request of the vast assemblage present at the dedicatory services, August 4, 1885. As a salve to their conscience, and to propitiate public favor, some of the Executive Committee now propose to hand over the $130 or $135, to the Children's Aid Society in Chambersburg. It is to be hoped that they will not contaminate and degrade a noble charity by helping it with

tainted funds. The people of Chambersburg furnished that committee with ample funds to pay all legitimate expenses, without touching a cent of the railroad rebate, set apart by the Centennial Convention for the Enoch Brown monument fund. They ought to demand an itemized report to see what has been done with all the money so freely contributed. The item of $45 for erecting a stand, worse than useless, on the public square, and of over eight hundred dollars charged by the Executive Committee for their sorry display of fire-works, requires explanation. We have seen far better pyrotechnic displays repeatedly for less than one-fourth that cost.

A distinguished historian has said that the Enoch Brown Memorial was by far the most important and interesting feature of the entire centennial of Franklin county, and yet it encountered open or covert opposition continually from those who should have been most anxious to promote its success, which has been at length achieved in spite of their hostility and injustice. It is unpleasant to make these strictures, but the truth of history demanded that the responsibility should be placed where it belongs.

ACTION OF ENOCH BROWN MEMORIAL COMMITTEE.

In this connection we deem it right and proper to define the position of the Enoch Brown Memorial Committee by presenting its official action adopted Nov. 11, 1884, at the Enoch Brown Park. This action explains itself and is as follows:

WHEREAS, The Executive Committee of the Franklin County Centennial Convention has disregarded the action of said Convention adopted April 22, 1884, and has withheld $334 of the railroad rebate which they were directed to secure for the benefit of the Enoch Brown Monument Fund, and

WHEREAS, Said Executive Committee has set at defiance our protest of Sept. 9, 1884, and has returned an insulting and ungentlemanly answer to the very mild and respectful declarations of our committee, after holding a joint conference with said Executive Committee Sept. 30, 1884, and

WHEREAS, The Executive Committee have persistently striven to create the impression through the Chambersburg papers and otherwise that our Enoch Brown Monument Committee was satisfied with their conduct in the premises, and had consented to allow over three hundred dollars of the railroad rebate to be appropriated by said Executive Committee to defray expenses of the committee in other directions, therefore be it

Resolved, That the Enoch Brown Committee has never consented to allow a cent of the railroad rebate or any other part of the Centennial fund entrusted to its care to be devoted to any other purpose, than the legitimate expenses of the Monument project.

Resolved, That we reiterate our previous declarations of Sept. 30, that our understanding of this action of April 22, 1884, was and is that all the rebate received from the railroads, which amounts to about $758, should be paid into the Enoch Brown Fund, and we regret that the Executive Committee have disregarded alike our protest and the instructions to the Centennial Convention.

PROVIDENTIAL ESCAPES FROM THE MASSACRE.

In the addresses of Rev. Cort and Rev. Woods reference is made to the Providential escape of Eleanor Cochrane, who afterwards married Capt. Joseph Junkin and became the mother of a large and distinguished family. In the "Life of Dr. George Junkin," written by Dr. D. X. Junkin, pages 16 and 17, the story of her Providential escape from massacre is told. The older members of the family, assisted by some neighbors, were engaged in a "flax pulling," and Eleanor, along with another young girl who, it seems was boarding or staying at Cochrane's while attending the school of Enoch Brown, remained at home July 26, 1764, to take care of the smaller children. Dr. George Junkin once spoke of this narrow escape of his mother and another little girl to Hon. George Chambers, the eminent jurist and polished gentleman, formerly of Chambersburg, Pa., where he died in 1866, March 25. Judge Chambers replied to Dr. Junkin, "the other little girl, thus Providentially preserved, was my mother." Her maiden name was Sally Brown. She died July 27, 1837, aged 78 years. Thus we have the mothers of three large and distinguished families, the Jun-

kins, Agnews and Chambers, all Providentially preserved from the scalping knife of the brutal savages who vented their fiendish fury on the innocent heads of their schoolmates on that dreadful day of massacre.

In addition, Eleanor Pawling was a member of the school and was Providentially detained at home on the day of massacre. She became the wife of Dr. Robert Johnston, the distinguished surgeon of the Revolutionary Army, the friend and host of Washington, who sent him on an important mission to China in the early days of the Republic. Postmaster Brather has the gold-rimmed tortoise snuff box presented to Dr. Johnston by high Chinese officials in recognition of his great medical skill.

Mrs. Catharine Scott, who is now in her 84th year, says her uncle or grand uncle, Samuel Fisher, was one of a number of boys belonging to the Enoch Brown school who played truant on that 26th of July, 1764. This confirms the old traditions to the effect that the school was unusually small on the day of the massacre, and that owing to premonitions, Providential detentions and wilful truancy, a large proportion of the scholars of Enoch Brown escaped the fate of the master and their eleven companions who were ruthlessly slaughtered.

CENTENNIAL MEMORIAL SERMONS.

ALL the pastors of the different churches in Franklin county were requested to preach Centennial Discourses September 7, 1884, and also deposit copies of the same in the archives of the Historical Society.

The Society publicly requested pastors to furnish copies of their sermons, as provided by the action of the Centennial Convention.

The Joint Committee on Publication, also informed all pastors and congregations that these sermons would be incorporated in the memorial volume, on very liberal terms, and all were invited to confer and co-operate with the committee to secure their publication.

And yet, only three centennial sermons have been furnished for the Historical Society Archives and for publication. Some failed to preach any centennial sermons at all, and others disregarded repeated requests looking to their permanent preservation and publication.

This is to be regretted. A full collection of such discourses would have been invaluable for the future historian. Instead of favoritism towards the few pastors represented in this volume, the charge of persistent indifference and neglect must rest against all congregations or pastors not represented in this memorial department.

Although this feature more properly belongs to the Centennial history, proposed to be published by the Executive Committee, and although said committee has ample public funds in hand to meet all the expenses, yet, from what we have shown in our "Word of Explanation," it is not in the least probable that said committee would concern itself about the publication of memorial sermons. Hence we have added them to our Enoch Brown Memorial, agreeably to

the wishes of some of our best citizens. Their general contents will be found to harmonize well with the object and spirit of dedication ceremonies, for which they furnish congenial company. They, as well as the Enoch Brown Park and Monuments, will help us to "remember the days of old," and do just homage to the heroic pioneers who laid the foundations of church and State.

SERMON OF REV. CYRUS CORT.

PREACHED IN THE REFORMED CHURCHES OF GREENCASTLE AND MIDDLEBURG, FRANKLIN COUNTY, PA., SEPT. 7, 1884.

LEVITICUS 25, x: "And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year and proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof. It shall be a Jubilee unto you; and ye shall return every man unto his possession and ye shall return every man unto his family."

INTRODUCTORY REMARKS.

My Christian Friends:—We have met to engage in the public worship of Almighty God, which is always our highest duty and privilege as patriots and Christians. At the same time we have been requested, as a congregation and as a community, to commemorate in these services the one hundredth anniversary of the organization of Franklin county. This is a proper request and a grateful duty to which we can respond with alacrity. The request involves a just recognition of the religious element which is the basis of all true prosperity and safety for communites and individuals.

We have abundance of Scriptual warrant for such services as these. Not only are we earnestly admonished by the great leader and law-giver of ancient Israel to "remember the days of old and consider the years of many generations;" not only does the sweet Psalmist exhort us to "walk about Zion and go round about her; tell the towers thereof, mark well her bulwarks and consider her palaces, that we may tell it to the generation following," but special times and seasons were hallowed by divine appointment under the Old Testament dispensation to commemorate the goodness and

protecting care of the great Jehovah, the Covenant keeping God of Abraham, Isaac and Jacob. Festivals of a religious, social and patriotic character frequently brought the people of Israel to Jerusalem to commemorate important events in their past history, to secure rights of person and property in the present and fill them with hope and courage to meet future obligations and responsibilities. What was the great central, controlling Passover festival but a vivid commemoration of their deliverance from the sword of the destroying angel and the thraldom of Egyptian bondage? At the same time it was so ordered as to have a prophetic reference to the future deliverance of all mankind from the sword of divine justice, from a worse than Egyptian bondage to sin and Satan and assure them of a happy admission to a better country than even that goodly land of Canaan in the time of its greatest glory.

So the Feast of Tabernacles and of Pentecost were important annual festivals, continually reminding them of the wanderings and privations of their fathers in the wilderness, the giving of the Ten Commandments, the ingathering of the first fruits of the harvest and their consequent duty to give tithes to maintain the public worship of Almighty God, whose protecting care they had experienced in so marvellous a degree.

The climax or culmination of all these patriotic and religious memorial services was reached in the year of Jubilee. Our text refers to that great epoch and benign institution in the history of God's gracious dealings with His covenant people—"And ye shall hallow the fiftieth year, &c."

THE SABBATIC IDEA PREDOMINATES.

The number seven was the governing factor in Jewish festivals. They were to "remember the Sabbath day to keep it holy," * * "the Lord blessed the Seventh day and hallowed it." Not only was there a Sabbath of days but a Sabbath of weeks, a Sabbath or Sabbatic year, and a grand Sabbatical cycle of years, rounded off with the Jubilee year.

Thus, from Passover to Pentecost was seven weeks, or seven times seven days preceding the Pentecostal Feast, which commemorated the giving of the law on Mt. Sinai

and provided for the offering of the first fruits of the harvest, a grand harvest home festival. Then every seventh year was a Sabbatic or sacred year, during which the land rested and the spontaneous fruits of the soil were common and free to all classes of society. And finally, after seven times seven years, the fiftieth year was hallowed as the great Jubilee season of God's covenant people.

It was ushered in at the close of the great Day of Atonement, after the whole nation had humbled itself before the Lord in fasting and prayer. On that day alone in all the year the High Priest, after repeated typical sacrifices for his own sins and those of the people, entered the Holy of Holies, typifying the entrance of Christ Jesus into heaven, where He ever lives, to intercede for us.

THE YEAR OF JUBILEE—A JOYOUS AND BENIGN INSTITUTION.

When these peculiarly solemn services were over and this most sacred day of all the year was ended the year of Jubilee began. With a mighty blast of trumpets sounding forth from Jerusalem, and from all the cities, villages, mountains and valleys of Judea, the opening of the Jubilee year was proclaimed. It was indeed a gladsome time, not only on account of the joyous festivities peculiar to the season. It brought in great permanent blessings, especially for the poor and unfortunate classes of the community. The text tells the grand story in language that well befits the trump of Jubilee, "Proclaim liberty, &c." A universal balance sheet was struck. All debtor and creditor accounts were squared. All mortgages were cancelled. All bond servants, or slaves of Hebrew origin, were set free. Families impoverished during the previous fifty years were restored to the home and possessions of their ancestors.

The land of Canaan, as you are aware, was divided between the tribes and families of Israel by lot, at the time that Joshua took possession of it in the name of the Lord of hosts. Each family had its distinct and just proportion of the public domain. If lost by misfortune or mismanagement during the previous fifty years, this origina inheritance or patrimony was sure to come back to the descendants of the original owners whenever the year of Jubilee came round.

It was a wise and merciful provision, guarding the people against landed monopolies and moneyed aristocracies, which are a curse to any country and which sooner or later by their unjust extortions bring anarchy and pave the way for military despotism. The year of Jubilee sounded the death knell of oppression and monopoly. Liberty and equality then rejoiced over tyranny and injustice. The lowly were exalted and the purse-proud found their common level. That Jubilee year was indeed a season of genuine rejoicing for all pious and patriotic Jews.

All generous-hearted people could rejoice not only in being permitted to meet in family reunion and communion in the home of their ancestors. They could also share in the general joy of all generous hearts over the return and happy reunion of families long separated by poverty and misfortune. When one member of the body suffers all the others sympathize more or less in that suffering. So it is with the body politic and the Mystical Body or Church of our Lord Jesus Christ. When one class of society is wronged or oppressed there is a corresponding weakness in the whole system of government that permits it. Now it was the design, the merit and peculiar glory of Jubilee year that it provided a safeguard and remedy for the ills of society. It acted as a grand alterative, a balance-wheel, a clearance day, a judicious bankrupt act, based upon principles of inherent justice and rectitude.

THE JUBILEE FEATURE STILL NEEDED IN OUR OWN LAND.

Some such institution, or an arrangement of the framework of government securing similar results, would be a blessing in our own land and an effectual safeguard against dangers that now loom up portentously. No thoughtful man can look at the present condition of affairs in our beloved country without serious concern for the future peace and safety of the Republic.

With grasping corporate monopolies and selfish, avaricious millionaires controlling mining, manufacturing and commercial interests and even invading the public domain in violation of all law and justice, there is great danger of subversion to our most cherished institutions. They seek

not only to absorb or control all the wealth of the country. They have frequently corrupted the ballot-box with their ill-gotten gains, defiled the halls of State and National legislation and dragged the judicial ermine in the mire. A day of reckoning and wrath must come sooner or later to all such bare-faced workers of iniquity. As Christian patriots we should seek to apply the proper constitutional remedies before the very foundations of our government are destroyed. No such unjust and demoralizing condition of affairs could exist under the Jewish commonwealth when administered according to the principles laid down by the Supreme Lawgiver of heaven and earth. The right of eminent domain stood in the Almighty Maker of heaven and earth, and was not vested in any man or set of men. In the 23rd verse of this chapter He solemnly sets forth this fundamental principle: "The land shall not be sold forever; for the land is Mine."

The civil and ecclesiastical ordinances of Judaism set at defiance all the crafty schemes of land grabbers and monopolists. As in other respects the Mosaic code forms the fundamental basis of legislation among all civilized nations, so in this matter of land distribution and ownership we would do well to enshrine in some way the essential features of the Jubilee year provisions. The homestead laws in some of the Western States look somewhat in this direction, but they have often been made a cloak for downright dishonesty and have worked to the detriment of the debtor as well as creditor class, by creating usurious rates of interest owing to increased risks of investment.

Long before the Declaration of Independence was adopted by delegates of the American colonies, renouncing allegiance to King George the Third and the British Parliament, because of usurpations and tyrannical violations of the principles of the Magna Charta and Bill of Rights, so dear to every Anglo-Saxon heart; long before the Colonies declared themselves free and independent States, the old bell in the State House in Philadelphia bore the prophetic as well as Scriptural legend of the Jubilee year, which forms so significant a part of our text: "Proclaim liberty throughout all the land unto all the inhabitants thereof." Personal free-

dom, as well as national independence, has long since become a fact instead of a name. Not a slave can be found in all this broad land between the Atlantic and Pacific.

But with all our boasted freedom we are largely becoming hewers of wood and drawers of water for unprincipled monopolies and law-defying corporations. Eternal vigilance is the price of liberty. And here is a question that comes right home to our hearthstones and concerns the happiness of the people and the safety of the Republic. The land of a country ought to be in the hands of those who occupy and till the soil or personally superintend its cultivation, and not in the hands of foreign capitalists or grinding railroad corporations, as is now, alas! so largely the case in the far West. Then there would be little occasion or justification for labor strikes and communistic deliverances of a revolutionary character, which frequently threaten the peace and safety of the country.

Such a disposition of the land of the nation would inaugurate a genuine political and social jubilee for millions of our most useful citizens. The same remark applies to Great Britain and other nations also. The spirit and main features of such a sovereign remedy for gravest dangers that threaten our nation, are found in the provisions regulating the celebration of the year of jubilee in the days of old.

OUR OWN FRANKLIN COUNTY CENTENNIAL.

My Christian friends: I have called special attention to these matters in the beginning of this centennial memorial discourse, because they are necessarily involved in a proper treatment of my text, and because the subject is one that concerns deeply our welfare, as individuals, as families, and as a nation.

The text, along with corresponding Mosiac deliverances and institutions already mentioned, gives ample scriptural warrant for memorial centennial celebrations, such as engage our attention to-day. All centennial occasions are multiples of the jubilee unit of fifty years. This is simply the second jubilee year of our existence as a county. Scripture encourages and teaches us to engage in more frequent

memorial observances than centennial periods can furnish. Important events in the political and religious history of a people should be commemorated once in the life time of each generation, or say once every fiftieth year.

Some, indeed, are of such supreme importance, the birth of the Saviour, for instance, or the birthday of a nation, as to demand annual commemorations which Christmas and the Fourth of July celebrations regularly furnish.

Others, like the organization of counties should move in cycles, and no cycle is so old, appropriate or inspiring as the jubilee cycle of fifty years. Whether or not the anniversary of the organization of our noble county was celebrated fifty years ago, we know not. But our duty to celebrate on this second return of the jubilee year is all the same.

This is an age of centennials, semi-centennials, bi-centennials, ter-centennials, and even the 400th anniversary of the birth of Luther, the great Saxon Reformer, and of Zwingli, the great Reformer of Republican Switzerland, have recently been fitly commemorated. Eight years hence, the four hundredth (400) anniversary of the discovery of America will attract universal attention. This is all right and proper. Anniversary occasions properly observed are good institutions. They help to cultivate a reverent historical spirit, which is one of the best safeguards of society. The words and deeds, the trials and triumphs, and even the mistakes and failures of our forefathers are full of instruction. The first commandment with promise "Honor thy father and thy mother" is violated wherever important events of the hoary past are not commemorated. The present is the child of the past, for whose lessons it must have due respect, in order to become the honored parent of the future. A nation, a church or a civilization is strong and enduring only as it is rightly grounded in its past history.

We can only briefly dwell upon those events that specially concern the immediate beginnings of our local history in both its civil and religious aspects.

THE ORIGIN OF THE COUNTY—ITS SCOTCH-IRISH AND GERMAN-SWISS ELEMENTS.

When Antrim township, in which we reside, was first created in 1741, it formed part of Lancaster county. When Cumberland county was formed in 1750, Antrim became part of the same. Franklin county was created Sept. 9, 1784, and was almost identical with Antrim township, as originally constituted, out of whose territory all other townships in the county were formed with the exception of Warren, Metal, Fannet and part of Peters townships. The Indian title to these portions of the county was not extinguished until 1758. Hence, Antrim may rightly be called "The mother of townships." Long before these dates, enterprising settlers had located in this beautiful and fertile valley. The Scotch-Irish were first on the ground. Benjaman Chambers located at the junction of Falling Springs with the Conococheaque in 1730, by consent of the Indians who were as yet friendly to the white settlers. The orders of the Provincial government to the proprietary agents were to send the Germans into York county and the Lehigh region, and to send the Scotch-Irish into the Cumberland Valley. The two elements had not harmonized well in Lancaster county, where they frequently got into broils with each other on election days. While this order of settlement was the general rule, there were some notable exceptions. Jacob Schnebele, the founder of the Snively (as the name is now written) family, located in Antrim township in 1734, or just 150 years ago. He was of German-Swiss stock. His descendants are numerous, and the Snively family is respected by all. We are glad to have a goodly number of them in our own Reformed congregation, who are present with us today. Likewise representatives of the Crunkleton family, whose ancestor also came here as one of the four original settlers in 1734. No descendants of the other two (Rhoddy and Johnston) remain. A number of us (your pastor for one) have the mingled blood of Scotch-Irish and German-Swiss ancestors coursing through our veins.

Along the adjacent Maryland line, which was then supposed to be farther north than at present, the Seiberts, Zel-

lers, Stalls, Cushwas, Kershners, Ankenys and other German-Swiss families located in those early provincial days. In 1748, Rev. Michael Schlatter, the pioneer missionary of the Reformed Church, visited a very devout Reformed congregation of German-Swiss people on the Conococheague, near the present site of St. Paul's Reformed Church, between Clear Spring and Hagerstown, Md., about a dozen miles from here. The ancestor of the noted Schley family, of Frederick City, Md., taught a Reformed Church Parochial School at Monocacy, as Frederick City was then called in those pioneer days. Capt. Jonathan Hager, the founder of Hagerstown, (laid out in 1762,) belonged to the Reformed Church, and accidentially lost his life while preparing material for the first Reformed Church erected there at the begining of the Revolutionary war. In fact, the printed forms of naturalization used at that time in the province of Maryland, required the applicant for citizenship to furnish certificates from officiating ministers, that they were communicant members of the "*Reformed or Protestant Congregation,*" as the certificate of Heinrich Stall, granted and signed at Frederick by Reverdy Johnson, in 1764, fully proves. This document is now in possession of our venerable townsman, William Fleming, who is a great grandson of Heinrich Stall. That heroic man, Gen. Henry Bouquet, one of the finest scholars and the best military man of colonial times, was a German-Swiss and a member of the Reformed Church. His Long Meadows estate of 4,163 acres, was located only a few miles from here, and lay on both sides of the Pennsylvania and Maryland line. His famous Royal American Regiment was composed mainly of German-Swiss soldiers, recruited in the provinces. They held for seven years the long line of forts and block-houses, reaching from Philadelphia through the wilderness to Detroit, and bore the brunt of battle and hardships in those dark and trying days.

THE REFORMED CHURCH IN FRANKLIN COUNTY.

Rev. Weymer, the faithful pastor of the Reformed Church in Hagerstown, Md., from 1770 until 1790, was the first Reformed minister to preach the gospel regularly within the bounds of Franklin county, Pa. In 1784 or 1785, as near

as we can learn, he organized congregations at Greencastle, Grindstone Hill and Chambersburg. Hence, we have double reasons to commemorate this year of our Lord, 1884. It is the centennial of the Reformed Church of our town and county, as well as the centennial of the county itself. This is a happy coincidence, a blending of civil and ecclesiastical events, which ought to make this centennial season doubly interesting and precious to our household of faith in Franklin county.

Along with the other heroic pioneers, whose memory we gratefully cherish to-day, let the name of JACOB WEYMER be mentioned with reverential honor. He was a man of genuine Apostolic character, a missionary in the full sense of that term! Besides preaching to Reformed people all over Washington and Frederick counties, Md., he made missionary tours through the valley of Virginia, all over this part of Cumberland Valley and over the mountains into the Juniata region, going once a year to Huntingdon county, Pa. His remains lie buried in the rear of the First Reformed Church of Hagerstown, but no one knows the exact location of his grave. The absence of a monument is not an evidence of ungrateful neglect on the part of the Reformed people of Hagerstown, as Dr. Harbaugh intimates in his biographical sketch. It was his desire and dying request (a fact evidently unknown to Dr. Harbaugh) that his grave should be unmarked. He said the good Lord would know where to find his body on Resurrection Day. John Calvin, the great Reformed Theologian and Disciplinarian, made a similar request, and great as he was, and honored as he is by millions of Christians in all lands, of him it may be said, as it was said of old, respecting the burial of Moses, the leader and law-giver of ancient Israel, "the place of his sepulchre knoweth no man unto this day." Nevertheless their works do follow them, and they rest from their labors.

The Reformed and Lutherans in Greencastle, worshiped together in a log church at first. The Lutherans built a church of their own, and in 1808 the Reformed laid the corner-stone of a brick church, which they built on the old graveyard lot, under the ministry of Rev. Rahauser. Several years' time elapsed before the church was finished.

The successor of Father Weymer was Rev. Jonathan Rahauser, who settled in Hagerstown, in 1792. His pastoral charge took in Washington and Frederick counties, Md., and Franklin and Adams counties, Pa. At first he preached in Hagerstown, Funkstown, Boonsboro, Troxels, Greencastle, Mercersburg, Besores, Millerstown, Emmittsburg and Apple's church. In 1809 his brother Frederick took charge of Emmittsburg and Apple's congregation, along with Gettysburg, Taneytown, &c. After serving the Reformed Church at Harrisburg, as pastor for three years, Frederick Rahauser, located at Chambersburg, where he labored faithfully from 1819 until 1836. The Rahauser name is still known and honored amongst us. After the death of Jonathan Rahauser, Rev. F. A. Scholl, took charge of this particular field in 1818, and became the first resident pastor of the Greencastle charge. He resigned the Greencastle congregation Nov. 3, 1833. He labored faithfully for 21 years, when he retired from the active duties of the ministry. His field embraced all the Reformed congregations in Franklin and Fulton counties, excepting the Chambersburg charge. The corner-stone of the Union church at Middleburg was laid in 1834, in which our people there still worship.

Rev. Hamilton Vandyke and Rev. Jacob Mayer, pastor of Mercersburg charge, acted as supply of the Greencastle congregation for several years after the resignation of Father Scholl. Rev. W. C. Bennet served in the same capacity for a short time. The old church was somewhat remodled, and modernized during the vacancy.

Rev John Rebaugh succeeded Father Scholl, and was the earnest and esteemed Pastor of the Greencastle congregation from 1837 to 1851, when he resigned this congregation, but remained pastor at Middleburg, St. Paul's and Clear Spring, Md., until 1863. He was a warm-hearted genial man and a faithful pastor. The sick and sorrowing especially found in him one who could sympathize and console. His ministry marked the transition from the use of the German language to the English, which seems to have been passed over with tact and good judgment. It is a source of great regret that no official or private records

have been left by any of these aged fathers in the ministry giving account of baptisms, marriages, confirmations, &c., during their pastorate here.

Rev. John S. Foulk, the successor of Father Rebaugh, introduced a new era in this respect. A Constitution and By-Laws were adopted by the congregation, and a congregational record of ministerial acts has been faithfully kept since the settlement of Rev. Foulk. Under his ministry the substantial and comfortable church edifice was erected in 1854, in which the Greencastle congregation still worships. The congregation prospered under the 7 years efficient ministry of Rev. Foulk. He was succeeded by Rev. Thos. G. Apple, D. D., now at the head of our college and theological seminary in Lancaster, Pa. With the character and results of his able ministry of nine years you are familiar. So, also with that of his successors, Drs. S. N. Callender and Moses Kieffer and the lamented pastors, Revs. S. K. Kremer and John H. Sykes. The average duration of their ministry was three years and the last two fell at the post of duty in the full vigor of manhood. Such briefly is a history of the Reformed Church in Greencastle and vicinity, during the past century. But oh! what toils and troubles, what hopes and fears, what joys and sorrows were crowded into those hundred years of congregational life! The pioneer fathers, mothers and pastors where are they? Gone to their everlasting rest and reward. It is a solemn thought that a hundred years hence, yea perhaps in half that time, not one of this audience will remain. May we so live that the Church of Christ shall suffer no harm from our connection with it, and we may at last be enabled to enter the pearly gates of the New Jerusalem, to meet the loved ones gone before.

COMPARATIVE STATISTICS OF RELIGIOUS BODIES.

At present Mercersburg Classis is identical with Franklin county in extent, with the addition of McConnelsburg charge in Fulton county, and part of Shippensburg charge in Cumberland county. This is offset by part of the Cavetown, Md., charge located in our county. The statistics of Classis for this year, shows a membership of 2,606, a bap-

tized but unconfirmed membership of 1,567, with 23 congregations, 10 pastors, 20 Sunday Schools, numbering 2,023 members. The Greencastle charge contains two congregations, 312 members, 217 baptized members, 2 Sunday Schools and 267 Sunday School Scholars and teachers.

The Lutheran Church, the twin sister of the great Reformation of the 16th century, has prospered side by side with our Reformed communion in this valley. It has 18 congregations, 2,825 communicant members, and Sunday Schools containing 2,692 members.

The Presbyterian church represents to a large extent the Scotch-Irish element, which originally had the vantage ground in this county as we have seen. It has at present 1,839 member and 1,633 persons connected with its Sunday schools. A great many of these are of German or Swiss descent as their names indicate, viz: Detrich, Ziegler, Ruthrauff, Snider, Wilhelm, Kieffer, Snively, Winger, &c. The Methodists have 1,752 members and 1,397 Sunday school scholars, and the United Brethren, who began their career about one hundred years ago, claim 2,500 members in this county. The Tunkers or German Baptists of different classes and shades of belief form a large part of our agricultural population in particular.

THE GERMAN-SWISS ELEMENTS IN THE ASCENDANT.

Bearing in mind that the M. E. and U. B. people are largely composed of descendants of German-Swiss settlers who were Reformed or Lutherans, and adding these to Reformed, Lutheran and German Baptistic members it will be seen that the descendants of the German-Swiss settlers outnumber those of Scotch-Irish origin fully four to one. The Germanic element now largely owns and cultivates the fertile farms of this grand old county. As old Mr. Bossard prophetically remarked many years ago they will dig out the Scotch-Irish with their silver spades. One hundered years ago, when this county was first organized, a dozen lawyers composed the bar at Chambersburg, not one of whom had a German-Swiss origin. Now the majority seems to be of that stock. We have Kimmel, Stenger, Bonebrake, Brewer,

Winger, Ruthrauff, Gehr, Bowers, Suesserot, Zacharias, Ludwig, Omwake, &c., &c.

We state these things simply as historical facts and not in the way of invidious comparison. Our people, we can say without boasting, belong to the most substantial part of our population. With a fair proportion of professional men, they are, as a rule, farmers, mechanics and merchants, who form the bone and sinew of every prosperous community. Few of them are now so ignorant or ignoble as to be ashamed of their German-Swiss origin or the church of their Reformation forefathers.

EDUCATIONAL AND PUBLICATION RELATIONS—MERCERSBURG THEOLOGY.

Some of the most important educational and publication interests of the Reformed church have had an eventful history within the borders of Franklin county. For 18 years, from 1835 to 1853, the chief college (Marshall) of the church was located at Mercersburg, where some of the most prominent and useful men of both church and state were educated.

The Theological Seminary of the Reformed church remained at Mercersburg 17 years longer. Mercersburg Christological Theology, with the corresponding philosophical mode of thought, became famous all over the civilized world.

It makes the Person of Christ central in the Christian system, even more really than the sun is central in the planetary system to which our globe belongs. He is the central sun of the moral universe. Not any abstract theory of predestination, any form of church polity, mode of administering sacraments, or mode of eucharistic presence, or theory of conversion is the central controlling principle of Christianity, but Christ Jesus Himself is the principle of principles. He is the Alpha and Omega, the beginning and the end of Divine revelation—the centre and source of all true history, the object of all saving faith and genuine adoration. In Him the decrees and promises of God are yea and in Him Amen, living, historical, everlasting realities. The best thought of Europe, Great Britain and the

United States has come to a substantial agreement on this point, which is after all the citadel of our holy religion. The names of Rauch, Nevin, Schaff and Harbaugh are revered among all liberal-minded, large-hearted Christian scholars. The college and seminary have long since been removed to Lancaster, where the good work of training our Reformed pastors goes on, but the fragrance of their memory still lingers around the old Mountain Home. Mercersburg College rendered important service to the cause of education during its fitful career of a dozen years or more, and now seems to have a promising future before it as a collegiate institution, under the judicious management of Dr. Aughenbaugh.

The printing establishment of the church had a long and successful career at Chambersburg, under the faithful management of Dr. S. R. Fisher, until it was finally destroyed in 1864 by Southern invaders.

Illustrious men are the noblest heritage of a community or nation. The contemplation of their characters and achievements is full of inspiration and instruction. Of these Franklin county has furnished an unusual number; more, it has been successfully maintained, than any other county in the Union. But time and space will not allow me even to name the roll of honor. This will probably be done by the historian in his address next Tuesday afternoon.

THE DEBT OF GRATITUDE TO GOD AND THE PIONEERS.

It is a great privilege to live in such a favored part of such a goodly land in such a period of the world's history. "Better fifty years of Europe than a cycle of Cathay!" exclaims the laureate poet of England. Better a generation of vigorous progressive life in this garden spot of the great Republic than a thousand years among the stagnant despotisms of the Old World. But great privileges being corresponding duties and responsibilities, American Christians should excel all others in the line of Christian activity and especially of missionary enterprise.

They ought to be the salt of the earth and the light of the world in a pre-eminent degree by bearing the gospel to

the benighted heathen. Thank God they are doing great things in the blessed work of evangelizing the nations. A large proportion of the 6,000 missionaries at work in heathen lands and the $10,000,000 annually expended for the foreign mission cause comes from these United States.

With thankful hearts we should engage in these memorial centennial services which have been fitly inaugurated by suitable religious observances in the churches of the county.

We dare never forget the toils, the dangers and privations of our pioneer ancestors. They turned the wilderness into a fruitful field and made the desert blossom as the rose. Cultivating friendly relations with the Indians they had multiplied and prospered in the region west of the Susquehanna, so that already in 1755 there were 3,000 men able to bear arms. Then came the blunders and horrors of the French and Indian wars, culminating in Braddock's disgraceful and disastrous defeat. A year later, in the fall of 1756, scarcely one hundred were left in all the great Cumberland Valley. 18 forts were erected to protect them against Indian forays. On every side the pioneer settlers and their families were waylaid and massacred, or borne into barbarous captivity by prowling bands of savages. McCord's Fort, near the foot of Mount Parnell, was captured, and 27 men, women and children met a horrible fate. In my hand I now hold the MSS. journal (140 years old) of James McCullough, which contains page after page of entries reciting massacre after massacre of the pioneer settlers and their families. Those were dark and trying days indeed, and had not their hearts been stout as oak, and their sinews strong as steel, they could never have withstood the fearful strain of body and mind which the anxious suspense must have caused even for those who escaped the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the merciless savages. All honor to the brave men and women of those pioneer days! Base and ignoble are those who fail to cherish the memory of such an heroic ancestry.

CULTIVATE THE HOME FEELING.

This is a sacred memorial season, a hallowed jubilee year full of inspiring associations. It is a time to visit the old

homestead, to trace up and record genealogical tables, to hold family re-unions and revive the fond memories of the olden time.

Such is the spirit and sentiment of our text, "ye shall hallow the 50th year and proclaim liberty throughout all the land, unto all the inhabitants thereof. It shall be a jubilee unto you, and we shall return every man unto his possession, and we shall return every man unto his family."

Happy are they who can do this with gratitude to the God of their sainted forefathers! Happy are they who can thus return to the home of their childhood! Happy are they who remain in the honorable possession of the patrimony of their pioneer ancestors! The love of liberty, of home and of fatherland will be strong and abiding in the hearts of such a people.

A CONTRAST BETWEEN THE PAST AND PRESENT.

Great and marvelous have been the changes and improvements of the century just ended. The pack-horse and the lumbering Conestoga wagon have given place to the traction engine and to the locomotive and railroad trains which daily pass through our streets from New York to New Orleans. The express rider, galloping over the mountains and through the wilderness on panting steed, at the peril of his life, has been superseded by the electric telegraph, which conveys messages of love and light in the twinkle of an eye to the remotest part of the Republic, yea underneath old ocean's briny waves to all parts of the habitable globe. The flail and the sickle of our fathers have given place to the steam separator and the four-horse reaper. The thirteen colonies along the Atlantic coast, with three or four million people, a large number of them negro slaves, have increased to thirty-eight States, reaching from ocean to ocean, with a population of fifty odd millions and territory enough for twenty States more. "The Lord hath done great things for us as a nation, whereof we have reason to be glad and to bless His holy name." And with the Psalmist we may exclaim: "Bless the Lord, O my soul, and all that is within me, bless His holy name. Bless the Lord, O my soul, and forget not all His benefits."

The blood-thirsty savages no longer skulk about our dwellings as they did in the days of our pioneer ancestors, when young and old were ruthlessly slaughtered regardless of sex, age or condition.

In our valley hundreds of Indian youths are now receiving instruction in the elements of education and Christian civilization within the precincts of Carlisle Barracks, whence the heroic Bouquet marched to punish their race for their atrocities, 120 years ago. The same work is going on at Hampton Institute, Virginia, where I addressed a large number of them through an interpreter, a few weeks ago, and told them of the universal Fatherhood of God and Brotherhood of man. No longer do our children go to school, and our people to church and to their daily toil at the peril of their lives, as did our pioneer ancestors. Peace and plenty, prosperity and safety is the portion of our inheritance in this goodly land.

OUR DUTY TO CHERISH THE ANCIENT LANDMARKS.

The blessings of constitutional liberty, the principles of representative self-government for which our Reformation forefathers suffered in Switzerland, Germany, Holland, France and Great Britain, have become a fundamental part of the institutions of our land.

Let us cherish these as something more precious than silver or gold. Above all let us cherish the principles of Christian faith and piety, so dear to the hearts of our sainted forefathers. For the sake of religious principle, our Scotch-Irish and German-Swiss ancestors endured the dangers and hardships of pioneer life, and only by imitating their fidelity to the Lord Jesus Christ can we preserve and perpetuate the blessings of civil and religious liberty enshrined in our constitutional form of government. It is true now as in the days of old "righteousness exalteth a nation, and sin is a reproach to any people." We have made great progress in the arts and sciences, in agriculture and the mechanic pursuits, but the old-fashioned principles and habits of honest industry, frugality and piety remain the enduring basis of all true prosperity and power. In these respects let us gratefully "remember the days of old." Thus shall we "honor

father and mother," and inherit the divine promise that our days shall be long in the land which the Lord our God, hath given us. Let us walk in the good old paths of truth and righteousness and keep in view the ancient landmarks.

CONCLUSION.

And, finally, my Christian friends, let us remember that all these earthly jubilees are but faint shadows of the grand reality, the Jubilee of glorified humanity, when the ransomed of the Lord, from every land and nation, shall enter the home of the blest with songs and everlasting joy upon their heads. That we may all stand accepted in the Beloved and be numbered among the saints in glory everlasting, in that great and notable day, should be our hope, our prayer and our supreme endeavor. Amen. And, Amen.

CENTENNIAL SERMON OF REV. J. HASSLER,

OF MERCERSBURG, PREACHED IN ST. PETER'S REFORMED CHURCH, IN FORT LOUDON, PA., ON SUNDAY EVENING, SEPTEMBER 7, 1884, AND IN THE TOWN HALL, IN FANNETTSBURG, PA., SEPTEMBER 14, 1884.

DEUT. 32:7—"*Remember the days of old,* consider the *years of many generations;* ask thy father and he will show thee; thy elders and they will tell thee."

Three thoughts are before us: 1. Thanksgiving and praise for our *grand old mountains,* and the *rich* and *fertile valleys* that characterize the *geography* of our county.

2. Thanksgiving for the *moral integrity* and *upright, religious life* of our *pioneer settlers.*

3. *Civilization* and *National Freedom, the price of blood.*

I. SCENERY AND FERTILITY OF SOIL.

The words of our text constitute an extract from the plaintive song of a dying man. The great drama of a great life is at an end. The greatest commander that ever lived—the greatest moral hero that ever stepped on the stage of history—he, who is the most honored of all human beings, who talked with God "face to face"—whose hand met the

fingers of Jehovah in receiving the Law—this great man, whose whole moral life is the greatest miracle of the greatest age that ever characterized the inhabitants of earth; whose life, and deeds, and death challenge infidelity, and will ever scatter to the winds of heaven all doubt or uncertainty as to the truth of inspiration—this great man is called upon to die, to pass away from the scenes of earth! His death song is contained in this chapter, the import of which is: *Obedience to God secures independence, personal and national prosperity. Disobedience brings ruin, loss, captivity, death!* So *to-day*. It is meet and right for us, as a religious community, to look back a *hundred years* and consider the many trials, hardships and cruel captivities our fathers endured, to give us this beauteous land of freedom; and these grand and fertile valleys, that surround these lofty mountains of beauty and power! And thus, by this review of a *century past*, generate in our hearts *praise, thanksgiving* and *obedience* to our fathers' God.

In 1682 William Penn came from England to this country and founded a colony, which he called Pennsylvania—the *forest land*, or *land of Penn*. The whole country was inhabited by rude and untutored Indians, who lived in wigwams and subsisted on hunting. Penn desired his people to live in peace with these wild and savage tribes, hence his "Treaty of Peace," on the very spot where now stands the City of Philadelphia, on the banks of the Delaware.

But oh! what changes! Instead of wild game, Indian huts and camp-fires you now see hundreds and thousands of houses, built high, three, six and eight stories; of brown stone, brick and marble; and thousands upon thousands of white people, all with busy step and hurried tread, eager in business, trade and commerce—buying, selling and getting gain!

Where is the old "*Elm Tree*," under whose wide spreading branches, late in autumn 1682, the treaty was made? Alas! the sacred spot is now covered by a large, populous city; and the place itself is only marked by a *marble monument*, to perpetuate its memory. The *tree itself* stood till 1810, when it was blown down by a storm at the age of 283 years, being 155 at the time of Penn's treaty. When the

British troops occupied the city, during the Revolution, it was guarded by a band of soldiers. It was held in great veneration, and its sacred wood is yet preserved under the form of *ornaments* for the *parlor table?* But, oh! the changes it witnessed!

So, too, similar changes belong to the fertile vales and growing towns in our own county, in the 100 years that are past! Could some old Indian chief, who once roamed these hills and drank at the beautiful spring below our town, where old Ft. Loudon stood, revisit this land, he would be *completely lost*—his mind would be filled with *wondrous surprise!* So, too, at a later date—from 1790 to 1830—if some of the McCulloughs, Smiths, McFarlands, Bards, McDowels, Crawfords, Dickeys, Pattons, Lanes, Scotts, and others, who lived amid these hills and tilled these lands, could return to earth, oh! how spell-bound with surprise!

The old line of "*pack horses*," traveling with steady step up the rugged steeps of *yonder mountain gorge*—the Cove Gap—where are they? The old "*Conestoga wagons*," high and long and deep, with canvas top, that lined this western turnpike, heavy laden with merchants' goods from Baltimore to Pittsburg, where are they? Not one to be seen. The line of "*four-horse stages*," too, six and eight a day, crowded with Western merchants and others, eagerly bound for the Eastern cities, every hour feeling for *their money*, hid in the *lining of their coat*, or *in their boots*, or *some secret place*, lest the Robber Lewis and others, who lurked in these hills, would rob both traveler and driver alike—these, alas! all gone!

The days of military parade, militia muster—"review days"—with shrill fife and noisy drum, and gaudy soldiers, and galloping troopers—these, too, have all disappeared; together with the gleaming sickle; sowing wheat broadcast; cutting the broad acres with a hand-cradle, four and six in a row; tramping the wheat in the winter months, a six weeks' work; all these have disappeared, and we now have railroad cars, horse-rakes, phosphate grain drills, the sulky plough, the road traction engine, and a dozen or more of other farming implements.

But in the school-room and in the school-house, oh!

what changes! "Cobb's Spelling Book," with the picture of the boy on the apple tree, pelted with stones by the honest farmer for his first theft; the "New Testament," with Matthew, Mark, Luke, and John, all to the Book of Revelation—this the scholars' "*only reader*," and then even *skipping* the *hard names*—all these have disappeared.

So, too, in church building, and in the familiar scenes of the home circle; oh! the changes!

The high-backed pews, wine glass pulpit, or as the poet has it—

> "Their pews of unpainted pine, straight-backed and tall;
> Their gal'ries mounted high, three sides around;
> Their pulpits, goblet shaped, half up the wall,
> With sounding board above, with acorn crowned."

These are now no more. So, too, the old Franklin stove, the open fire-place, with "brass fender," and back-log burning brightly; "the oaken bucket, the moss-covered bucket, that hung in the well,"—all, all have given place to the "radiant home," "the gas burner," the "cast iron pump." Thus, too, instead of the "*old lard lamp*," and "*tallow candle*," and "*snuffers*," you have coal oil, gas and electric light!

But, oh! the changes in the spheres of *human life!* The inquiry is, where are the great men who laid out these towns, built these mills and subdued these forests? Echo answers, *where?* Franklin county, to its credit be it said, has furnished "more men of mark," both in Church and State, for the Judge's bench, the Governor's chair, and Halls of Legislation, than any other part of the State.

The greatest railroad king that America ever furnished, Col. Thomas A. Scott, was born in this village, under the shade of these mountains, in yonder "*public mansion;*" and he who sat in the President's chair, the 15th President, James Buchanan, received the light of day in yonder mountain gorge (Cove Gap); and when a little boy his fond mother placed a "bell around his neck," lest she would lose her Irish boy amid the rocks of the impending forest.

But these reminiscences carry us too far.

On the 9th of September, 1784, an Act of the Assembly was passed erecting the county of Franklin, out of the

southwestern part of Cumberland, thus bearing the name of our own honored natural philosopher, Benjamin Franklin. Its greatest extent from north to south is 38 miles, and from east to west 34 miles, containing an area of 49,740 square miles. In 1870 the population was 45,365. In 1880, 49,855. The greatest part of the county consists of an extensive valley of fertile land, well watered, well cultivated, and highly improved. The product of wheat alone in 1880 was 1,033,824 bushels—other grains, such as rye, oats, Indian corn and barley, in equal proportions.

On the east you have the range of hills called the South Mountain, reaching an elevation of 600 to 900 feet. On the west and northwest a more elevated and rugged range, called the North or Blue Mountain, running in almost an unbroken line from the Delaware southwestward and abruptly terminating in Mt. Parnell and Mt. Jordan's Knob.

Path Valley lies between these lofty peaks and the Tuscorora Mountain, which stretches southwest, on to the waters of the Potamac. Some of these lofty peaks range from 1,500 to 1,600 feet above the level of the sea. Oh! the grandeur of this mountain scenery—its health-giving power. With the homesick Swiss soldier, when far from his native Alps, we can say, "Geb mir Berge oder Ich Sterbe." The eye of the traveler is never wearied in looking upon the rugged brow of old Parnell and Mt. Jordan, joined together in one perpetual brotherhood of beauty and power, and looking down in quiet majesty upon the peaceful village of Ft. Loudon, nestling quietly amid the shade of these lofty peaks; or, casting our view six miles beyond, over to our neighboring town of Mercersburg, far-famed both in Europe and America for schools of learning and theological power; and then, still farther on toward the south you see "Casey's Knob," "Two-top," and the grand and beautiful chain of vast blue mountains on to "Penn-Mar" and the Potomac, forming "one vast amphitheatre" or "crescent" of beauty and mountain scenery hardly eclipsed by any other in the whole State. Strangers never cease to admire the beauty of *our mountain homes.* Yes, these grand old mountains are the finger-boards of nature that point the weary pilgrim up to heaven—to God—to our eternal home!

The purity of air that encircles their top, the green clad plains and fertile vales that lie at their base, the laughing rivulet and the towering oak that dwell upon their haggard sides, all serve to give health and tone to the body, invigorate the mind, and inspire within the breast of man feelings of awe, reverence and devotion! God himself built these lofty hills. He laid them deep; He made them broad; He shaped their conical form, their broad foundations, their haggard sides. He built them for himself, to point upward, to heaven, to our home above!

The Saviour loved the mountain. He prayed there; He preached there; He wept there; upon the mountain he died; at its base he was buried; from its top He ascended to heaven! Oh! the mountain! the mountain!! What Christian born in Franklin county but loves the mountain? Especially as these lofty hills remind him of Tabor, Carmel, Lebanon, Pisgah, Calvary, and above all Mt. Zion, the city of the living God, a truthful type of the Christian church!

Never can we gaze upon these rugged hills, or travel over their haggard sides, or look upon their lofty peaks, without thinking of the hill-country of Judea, and the mountains of Galilee, consecrated to the holy purposes of our holy religion, by the prayers and tears, and deeds, and awful sufferings and holy blood of our blessed Redeemer! Yes,

> "To Zion's hill I lift mine eyes,
> From thence expecting aid;
> From Zion's hill and Zion's God,
> Who heaven and earth has made."

II. But we must take up our *second point: Praise and thanksgiving for the moral integrity and upright, religious life of our pioneer settlers.*

Living in the midst of such beautiful scenery, dwelling under the shade of such lofty mountains, what else could our fathers be than *devout, honest, religious?*

In Path Valley, tradition has it, a man borrowed a hundred dollars from his neighbor. After the money was paid and the note written his neighbor said:

> "John, you keep *this paper too,*
> Then *you'll know when the note is due.*"

The man had both money and note. This story is a noble tribute of praise to primitive virtue, neighborly confidence and Christian love.

The character of Enoch Brown, the noble, heroic schoolteacher, murdered by the Indians, with his *ten scholars*, (one only making his escape,) on the 26th of July, 1764, in Antrim township, three miles from Greencastle, is only a *moral type* of the good and religious character of our pioneer settlers. This teacher is said "to be a man of liberal culture, particularly noted and respected for his *truthfulness, integrity and Christian character.*" His courage was *praiseworthy*, as it is said he offered himself first as a martyr, to save the lives of the innocent children.

It is to perpetuate the memory of this terrible sacrifice to the cause of freedom and education that our offerings *to-day* are to be devoted. To erect, at moderate cost, a *granite monument* to mark the *resting place* of this noble teacher and his murdered scholars.

The first settlers in our county were of Scotch-Irish descent. Religious persecution and a desire for freedom in religious worship drove them from Ireland and Scotland to this Western world. The rich valleys of the Conococheague settlement were objects of interest and attraction. These settlers were moral, honest, religious and devout. The Sabbath was strictly observed. The ten commandments committed to memory; next to the Bible, the shorter catechism was daily studied; grace at the table, and evening and morning prayers, a usual occurrence in their religious life.

Many of this noble race and of their descendants still reside in our county, but the German population of a later date is fast gaining the ascendency, both in numbers and in way of possessing homes and lands once occupied by this noble ancestry of the Scotch-Irish race.

The Rev. Michael Schatter, a Reformed minister, one of our first missionaries, who came to America in 1746, and who visited Conococheague settlement in 1748, uses these words: "The first inhabitants, as already stated, were from Ireland and Scotland, and a few from Germany and Switzerland. Benjamin Chambers, the first settler, induced others of his countrymen to immigrate to the Conococheague settlement. Soon afterwards some German and Swiss descend-

ents, principally from the lower part of Lancaster county, found their way to this settlement; since then they constitute a great proportion of the present population. They speak the language of their fathers, but of late years the English has the preference with many whose grandparents immigrated from Germany,"

For the benefit of these Germans, who soon intermarried and united their religious worship and social life with their Scotch-Irish neighbors, for their good Rev. Jacob Weymer and others, Reformed ministers, visited Chambersburg, Greencastle, Grindstone Hill and other places, where Reformed churches were established as early as 1784. A Reformed church stood on Stenger's hill, below town, as early as 1790. The old brick church, to the east of town, much of the material of which also is used in the erection of the new church edifice (1876) was built in 1819, by the Presbyterians and Reformed united. Thus, in point of morals, religion and true piety, the inhabitants of this county can boast of a noble ancestry.

Of course there are many exceptions to this estimate of moral character. Theft, robbery, horse-racing, intemperance and other vices were also known in those days. The old stone jail in Chambersburg, built two stories high in 1798, was often "*filled to overflowing*" with criminals *confined for debt.* This punishment many regarded as the fruit of indolence and intemperance. This may be all true enough. Evil is hereditary. Sin goes with the race. Wherever the foot of man treads their evil and sin keep apace, if not with a *faster* at least with an *equal step* with the march of virtue. And yet history generally credits this noble ancestry as being exemplary in moral integrity and the practice of the Christian graces—education and religion. The school and the church—these were the two cardinal marks of *the primitive settlements of these hills* by our pioneer fathers.

Rev. Dr. M. Brown, for a long time President of Jefferson College, who studied theology under old Dr. King, of Mercersburg, pastor of that church from 1769 to 1813, has this testimony, "that in all his extensive travels in the United States he found no population equal in virtue and intelligence to the people of the Cumberland valley."

So, too, Rev. Dr. James Brownson, of Washington, Pa.,

whose maternal grandfather laid out the town of Mercersburg, expressing his regret in not being able to be present at *this centennial celebration,* uses these words: "Not for silver or gold would I barter away my lineal descent from such a race." "So noble a planting in one of the best and most beautiful regions in our county, by a race unsurpassed in intelligence, culture, patriotism and piety, and such a development and progress, extending over 150 years since the first white settlement, are worthy of being held up to the grateful admiration of the descendents of a matchless ancestry."

Such testimony, in favor of integrity and true morality, is worthy of special regard.

Patriotism, too, was a crowning virtue. McCauley, in his history of '76, says: "Not a Tory was to be found in the whole Conococheague settlement."

No one present to-day need be ashamed of his Scotch-Irish ancestry.

But these early settlers experienced all the sad consequences common to *frontier life.* Homes were hardly secured, the land tilled, or barns built, till these homes were burnt by savage Indians, the grain destroyed, cattle killed, and wife and children carried into cruel captivity.

"For eight or ten years after General Braddock's defeat, July, 1755, the whole frontier of your county was exposed to the incursions of Indian war parties," who would *secretly surprise* the inhabitants; shoot down the cattle, massacre the men, women and children, or carry them away into the horrors of cruel captivity. Here Border Life, and the narratives of Col. James Smith, John McCullough, Col. Crawford, and others, are full of most thrilling interest. These noble patriots gave their lives for our good and for our homes. This leads us to our last point.

III. *Civilization and national freedom the price of blood.*

On the Fourth of July, 1876, eight years ago, we celebrated the *centennial* of our National Independence. It was right and proper on that joyous occasion that we should have poems, orations, historical readings, Declaration of Independence recited, the highest forms of mechanical art that genius could invent; all this, along with military

processions, bands of music, banners afloat, flags waving, national toasts, responses and firing of guns—all this joyous festivity to impress upon the mind and heart of every man, woman and child in the land that our National Freedom *is a reality*, and this reality the *price of blood. Citizen sovereignty* is a problem in civil government the old monarchies of Europe can't solve; but our Pilgrim Fathers solved it; but they did it with *treasure, bloodshed, death!*

So these fertile hills and these grand old homesteads in this fertile county are ours only by the toil, hardships, labor, and fearful sufferings and bloodshed of our Germanic, Scotch-Irish ancestry.

This great truth, human perfection and true religious freedom, are *the price of blood*, history, redemption and science all clearly proclaim. The Apostles died for the truth they preached. The reformers bled and suffered for the truth of the Gospel. "The blood of martyrs is the seed of the church." The idea of spiritual freedom from sin and death is a plant too celestial, too heaven born to grow on the soil of the human heart without the watering of blood to ensure its growth. The Disciples felt this, they knew this. They were willing every one of them to suffer martyrdom for the cause of Christ. They knew that righteousness, truth and eternal life are ours only by the death and crucifixion of their Master. Christ crucified contained the seed of a new creation. Sin and pride were the cruel monsters that drove the spear into His side. The Saviour's truth and purity were too holy and divine to germinate in the dead stock of humanity without the shedding of blood to ensure its growth. Christ's death is the germ of life. "If I be lifted up I will draw all men unto Me." *Via Crucis, via Lucis.*

So, too, in the sphere of intellect. No freedom from this darkness of ignorance and superstition except by toil, hardship, and even self-sacrifice and death. Robert Fulton, in 1807, was hissed at, laughed at and mocked when he sought to launch forth his first steamboat on the waters of the Hudson. Columbus is called the madman because he seeks the discovery of another world. Galileo, in Italy, is imprisoned because he seeks the improvement of astronomy.

And even that holy man, Paul, as he stood on Mar's Hill, is called a Jewish babbler because he reasoned of "the resurrection and the life to come."

History, too, is full of the same truth. States perish, nations die, all the forms of life are mutable, only that the living spirit of humanity may go forward with new energy and create out of these smouldering ruins *new forms* of life and activity. The decay of Greece is the life of Rome, and the eruption of the northern barbarians, who lay all Roman civilization in the dust, gives life to the Germanic nations and the Anglo-Saxon race. Death is the condition of life. So in the history of civilization and in the progress of civil freedom. The wars of George III., the long years of cruel Indian warfare and the hardships of border life, all prove that our peaceful homes and these fertile valleys which we now so richly enjoy are the price of blood! They are redeemed for us from savage rule and the cruel tomahawk, only by toil, hardship and sacrifices the most horrible, such as only true courage, martyr-heroism and earnest piety could endure.

Mark well, therefore, the *resting place* of the man who fell a sacrifice to education and offered his life a ransom for the lives of innocent children! Keep green the graves of our patriot fathers, who spent their treasure and shed their blood to secure to us the fertile fields of this *rich old county*, whose history *to-day* reaches up to the *hoary foot-prints* of a *hundred years!*

Follow closely in the steps and pathway of a *most worthy ancestry*, who loved God, studied His word, kept the commandments, believed in His Son, confessed His name, and everywhere dotted this whole county with the church and the school-house; and then God will be honored, our children blessed and freedom perpetuated.

Our mountain homes, the fruit of their blood and the scalps of their children!

Oh! sing to-day as you never sang before—

"My country! 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing.
Land where my *Fathers died*,
Land of the *patriot's pride*,
From every *mountain side*,
Let Freedom ring.

SERMON OF REV. J. W. KNAPPENBERGER, A. M.,

PREACHED IN TRINITY REFORMED CHURCH, MERCERSBURG, PA., SEPTEMBER 7, 1884.

PSALM 90. Last clause of the 9th verse. "We spend our years as a tale that is told."

After speaking of the antiquity of the psalm, its beauty and sublimity and rich meaning, of the custom of telling tales among Eastern people and when all were told how short they would seem in thinking of them, we spoke as follows:

And just so in many respects is it with our lives. They are like tales that have been told. How short they seem! How quickly do they pass away! Three score years and ten roll into eternity, before we are aware of it. As we think of our past history, the oldest among us, how dim and indistinct, do the most prominent facts in our lives stand out in memory! You, whose hair has been silvered with the weight of years, and even those of you, who have only reached the middle mile stone of your life, try to recall the scenes and incidents and experiences of your early years,—those which happened under the parental roof, when father, mother, brothers and sisters were with you, when you gathered together, it may be, around the family altar, when you ate, drank, laughed and talked, played and toiled with one another,—when you rejoiced together on some notable interesting occasion, or wept with them over some great sorrow; or when with bowed head and sorrowing hearts, you stood together around an open grave, which received one after another of those, who were to you most dear. How you mourned their departure! How you missed them when you got back home; how sad you all were then and how time gradually healed the wound, which death had made!

Or think, if you please, of the companions and associates of your early years, of those who went to school with you,—of the lessons, which you studied and recited together, of incidents that happened, indeed of all the things connected with those early, interesting days, and as you dwell in meditation upon them does not your whole past life,—all the facts, incidents and experiences,—seem very much like a

tale that is told? You know it was real, actual and yet how dim and shadowy, how like a tale it all appears now!

But all their experiences, every early impression, as well as everything, that has happened to us or which we have done, have had an effect upon our lives, an influence which we cannot even now overcome. All these things have been worked up into the very texture of our being, and made us what we are. Had it not been for all these associations and influences we would not be what we are to-day. Our characters are the rich ripe fruit of all these complex forces.

And as it is with the history of our individual lives, so is it with the history of a community or of a country. As we think of the early history of this country, the bloody scenes which marks its pages, the struggles, hardships, dangers, and sacrifices of the early settlers,—of the condition in which this country was at that time, the valleys covered with tall prairie grass, the rivers and creeks lined with forest trees and the whole overrun with the Red Man, and the wild animals peculiar to this district of territory at that time—how difficult is it for us to throw ourselves back into the spirit of these trying days, and make the conditions, which actually existed, and the things which really took place, seem real to us now! We can read the facts connected with the massacre of Enoch Brown and his ten scholars, but we can't make them as real to us as they were to those who found their mangled bodies, and buried them together in one large box in one great grave. And so it is with the story of John McCullough, the burning of Ft. McCord, the killing of men and women, and the taking of prisoners. All these facts and incidents, as well as hundreds of others connected with the early settlement of this county, seem now very much like tales that have been told. And yet the history of those early days is a true account of the struggles and conflicts and dangers of *real* men and women, who labored to get a foothold in this new district of country. Had they not endured, toiled, fought and bled as they did, our country to-day would not be what it is. They did a grand, noble work, in times, too, which tried the mettle of which men and women are made. In the midst of peace, prosperity and plenty, we should not forget the pioneer settlers who helped to secure the blessings which we now enjoy. Their

labors of love and sacrifice should still be held in fond remembrance.

As we think of the condition of this county and its people one hundred years ago, and their situation to-day, what a contrast! If we take a position on the top of one of our high mountains, and cast our eyes over the surface of Franklin county, we can see hundreds of beautiful farms, in a high state of cultivation, yielding rich harvests of almost every kind of grain, vegetables and fruits. The whole number of farms in this county, according to the census of 1880, is 3,602, and their estimated value, with their improvements, is in the neighborhood of twenty (20) millions of dollars. Upon these farms are comfortable dwellings, large barns, good fences and every machine to lighten labor, and make the soil fertile and fruitful. Why, the value of the farming implements and machinery alone is to-day in the neighborhood of nearly one million of dollars. All these facts indicate a prosperous condition of affairs in this county to-day.

But look back one hundred years, or more and what do you see? These same acres were covered with stones, bushes, briars and trees, and it was only with hardest labors that the inhabitants could secure enough from them to satisfy their necessary wants. It required the honest labor of hundreds, yea, thousands of persons, extending through a hundred years or more, to make their farms what they are to-day. If all the persons that worked on these farms for the past one hundred years, or more, to make them what they are,—were to assemble in one place, what an army would there be; what labors and patience and sacrifices and sorrow would they represent! In the enjoyment of present blessings how prone are we to forget what others did to secure them to us!

To-day there are roads and lanes running East and West, North and South, intersecting one another at almost every angle, so that we can travel anywhere and everywhere in perfect safety, feeling assured that the law which rules and reigns in Franklin county is no dead letter, but that it is powerful to protect her citizens, and terrible in its punishment of the transgressor. *One hundred years ago* these roads did not exist in the condition in which they are

at present, and men had to travel from place to place as best they could, and with that feeling of insecurity which belongs to first settlers in a savage, barbarous country. The contrast in this respect is very great.

One hundred years ago, there was not a post-office in the county, nor was there one in it until about six years after its organization. Letters on business, letters on friendship or love, had to be sent, if sent at all, by some traveller. News from parents at home, or from friends and lovers on the other side of the great waters, or even in this country, could be secured only at long intervals, and in the most unlooked for and unexpected manner. The facilities, therefore, for communication in those early days were very poor and irregular, indeed. When we think of all these things, we cannot help but exclaim, what a deprivation! what an inconvenience! Why, we feel terribly disappointed and chagrined if our mail does not come twice every day, and even if it is an hour behind time, as it has been so frequently of late, it annoys us not a little. And if it were not to put in an appearance some day at all, we should almost consider it a personal bereavement. In that case we fear the third commandment would be violated by not a few.

There are now within the county about 60 post-offices, and the facilities for communicating with one another are getting better every year. We get our daily newspapers, weeklies, monthlies, quarterlies, so regularly and promptly, that we are liable to make light of the blessing and advantages which we enjoy over and above those who lived one hundred years ago. We can receive news from the Old World by telegraph every day, know all that is going on in civilized countries, aye, by putting one ear to the telephone and listening, we can hear the pulsative throbs of the world's great heart. In our complacency and self-satisfaction in thinking over the deprivations of the early settlers, we are apt to make light of them and say, "O they wouldn't have enjoyed these advantages and benefits anyway. They would not have had the time, nor the inclination." But we should remember that they were *men and women*, just as we are, with the same feelings, sympathies, infirmities, hopes. They had hearts, too. They loved the Fatherland, the dear ones at home just as tenderly and truly as we love our nearest

and best friends. News from them would rejoice and cheer their hearts, and give them as much satisfaction as news from our friends and relatives do us. The tears which they shed over their deprivations in this particular, and the sorrows which they experienced are known only to themselves and to God. And we do not refer to them to magnify them, but that we may see how much more highly favored we are than they were, and to show what wonderful progress has been made in this one respect, not only in this county, but in this country and throughout the world during the last one hundred years. The contrast in this particular is as great, if not greater, than any other.

But then think of the schools in those days. They must have been primitive, indeed. The merest elements of an education only could be secured, and many of the children, on account of bad roads, the distance to be travelled, and the dangers incident to a new country, would be deprived almost altogether of the privileges and blessings of the most limited education. The number of schools must have been very small. The school buildings were anything but inviting or comfortable. But what a change has taken place! There are to-day about 290 schools in this county, and there is spent annually in the payment of teachers' salaries nearly sixty thousand dollars. The estimated value of school property is nearly three hundred thousand dollars, so that no boy or girl can have any excuse whatever for growing up in ignorance in such a favored county as this one is. Would to God that every parent might appreciate the privileges and benefits of the public school system, and show their appreciation and good sense by sending their children regularly and daily to school during its sessions.

We have yet to speak of the influence of religion in moulding and shaping the history of this county. It has always been, and always will be, the conserving, preserving power among any people. It has been so in this county. The majority of the men who settled in this county belonged to some branch of the Christian church. They sought to practice the principles of God's word in daily life. It is true, their characters are not models of human perfection. They did many things which would not meet our approval. But we cannot be too thankful for what they did

in advancing the cause of the dear Redeemer. They organized congregations, they built churches, they united their voices and their hearts in the worship of the triune God on the Sabbath Day. Many pure, noble, righteous characters stand out prominent in the history of this county. Hundreds of men and women, noted for their love of righteousness and abhorence of evil, have gone out from this county, and have been a power for good in other communities, who owed all their influence to the splendid moral and religious training which they received under the parental roof. And while we have no statistics to verify the statement, we venture the assertion that the Christian religion has a stronger hold upon the people of this county to-day than it ever had before. There are churches enough to accommodate all its people, and would to God that every soul within its borders would bow at this time in submission to the dear Redeemer, so that the rejoicings on this centennial occasion may cause rejoicings among the the angels in heaven, over the sinners saved in the blood of Jesus.

One hundred years have passed away—one hundred years of mingled joys and sorrows, of labor and blessings.

When we think of the hundreds of families that were organized and then broken up by the hand of death—when we think of the great army of persons who walked over these hills and valleys and mountains during all that time—of the plans which they laid, of the pleasure which they enjoyed, of the trials through which they passed, of the work which they performed, of the emotions which filled their souls, as they looked upon the very scenes which meet us on every side, and then think that their souls have been called back to the spirit world, and their bodies are moulding away in the silent cities of the dead, does not the whole history seem like a tale that has been told? Yet, how *real* was it all.

One hundred years ago you and I were not. One hundred years hence we shall not be. As God has vouched to us a favored land, with so many privileges, blessings, advantages, let us live to some purpose. Let us live to God's glory, that our lives may reflect His principles, that heaven may be our eternal home. *And to God be all the praise.* Amen.

Henry Bouquet

THE

BOUQUET CELEBRATION

ON

BUSHY RUN BATTLEFIELD,

IN

WESTMORELAND COUNTY, PA.,

AUGUST 6, 1883.

Edited by REV. CYRUS CORT, of Greencastle, Pa., in Behalf of the Bouquet Memorial Committee.

LANCASTER, PA.
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1886.

DEDICATION.

TO the Memory of Henry Bouquet and the 1763 Army of Deliverance, composed of Scotch Highlanders, Royal Americans (mainly of German-Swiss extraction), and Provincial Rangers — nearly one-fourth of whom by their blood, and all of whom by their valor, consecrated the field of Bushy Run, August 5th and 6th, 1763.

May the descendants of the hardy Scotch-Irish and German-Swiss Pioneer Settlers, whose goodly heritage they rescued from the savage destroyer, always show themselves worthy such heroic defenders.

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THE BOUQUET CELEBRATION.

ANTECEDENT STEPS.

THE celebration of the one hundred and twentieth anniversary of the victory won by Colonel Henry Bouquet over the Eastern Confederates of Pontiac, at Bushy Run, Aug. 6, 1763, brought together the largest and finest concourse of people ever assembled in Old Westmoreland county.

The magnificence of the demonstration in honor of the gallant Bouquet and his Army of Deliverance, compensated in some degree for the long delay in commemorating their heroic achievements.

The battle of Bushy Run, or Edge Hill, was not only memorable as an exhibition of dauntless courage and consummate military skill under the most desperate circumstances. It was so decisive and important in its immediate and remote results, that it well deserves perennial remembrance.

To perpetuate the memory of the great event itself, and its splendid commemoration, Aug. 6, 1883, a memorial committee was appointed with the unanimous approval of the vast assemblage convened in Gongaware's woods on celebration day. After some delay, they herewith present the result of their labors.

Every movement of this kind has its history, in the light of which it can only be properly understood and appreciated.

Accordingly it has been deemed advisable to give a brief sketch of the various steps that led the way to the celebration of Aug. 6, 1883, as a proper introduction to the full account of the celebration itself.

The Renaissance, or renewal of interest in Bouquet and his campaigns on the part of those more immediately identified with the recent celebration, dates back to the autumn of 1872.

On the 25th of September, of that year, Dr. Frank Cowan published an article in his newspaper, giving an account of a visit to the battle-field of Edge Hill, or Bushy Run, and a sketch of the battle itself, as given in the old provincial work of Dr. William Smith. The young editor lamented the dearth or total absence of local traditions respecting the battle as compared with the Burning of Hannastown. He accounted for this on the ground that the battle was fought by foreigners, none of whose decendants had ever located near the scene of the conflict, &c. At the end of nearly two months, a mutilated copy of Mr. Cowan's paper, with the aforsaid article, fell into the hands of Rev. Cyrus Cort, then residing at Vinton, Iowa. Mr. Cort immediately wrote a lengthy article, giving an account of the battle of Bouquet and a number of incidents and traditions connected with it, which he had received from his great grandfather, Jacob Byerly, and his son Joseph on Christmas day, 1855, several years before the Revolutionary veteran ended his days in his ninety-ninth year. Jacob Byerly was a son of Andrew Byerly, the founder of Byerly Station at Bushy Run, and along with the rest of the Byerly family, barely escaped with his life to Fort Ligonier, in the latter part of May, 1763. After being closely besieged for two months, Col. Bouquet came to their relief with his Scotch Highlanders, Royal Americans, and a few Provincial Rangers. Andrew Byerly went along with the army, and was in the advance when the battle of Aug. 6, 1763, began on Gongaware's hill. He took an active part in the two days' conflict, and through him some very interesting incidents have been handed down to posterity which were never published until recent years. The article of Rev. Cort, besides supplementing the editorial of Mr. Cowan as regards incidents of the battle, urged upon the people of Westmoreland the duty of erecting a durable monument to the memory of Bouquet and his Army of Deliverance.

The editor heartily commended the article to the atten-

tion of his readers, and called upon all who were interested in the history of Old Westmoreland, the mother county, to record without delay all traditional incidents and adventures with which they might be acquainted. Thus the matter rested until December, 1880, when Rev. C. Cort published an article on Bouquet and his campaigns in the *Guardian*, a monthly magazine printed at Philadelphia. A revised edition of this article, with a poem on "Bouquet's Grave," was issued a few weeks later in pamphlet form. The *Guardian* article was republished in a short time by many of the papers in Southern and Southwestern Pennsylvania, and created a good deal of interest in the hero of Bushy Run. A short time previous, George Harrison Fisher, Esq., of Philadelphia, had published in the *Pennsylvania Historical Magazine* some interesting correspondence between Col. Bouquet and a Miss Willing, together with a sketch of the gallant Swiss officer. This was embellished with a fine steel engraving of Col. Bouquet, taken from an original painting in possession of the Fisher family.

Rev. Cort was not aware of the article of Mr. Fisher until after the publication of his own.

Again there was a pause until the centennial observances of the burning of Hannastown, July 13, 1882. As one of the speakers on that occasion, Rev. Cort in the course of his address made the following reference to Bouquet and Bushy Run: "This is an age of centennials, and I am glad that the centennial boom has struck Old Westmoreland. It should have struck you nineteen years sooner. It has always appeared passing strange to me that Westmoreland county, and Western Pennsylvania failed to celebrate with centennial memorial services the victory of Bouquet in the heart of our noble old county on Aug. 6, 1763. It is true that many of us were off to the wars in 1863, and had more important work in fighting battles for the preservation of the Union than to commemorate the deeds of colonial days. But there were enough men and women at home to have made the welkin ring with the grateful notes of centennial commemoration. An event so critical, so decisive and far reaching in its results, should be commemorated by annual as well as centennial observances. The heroic deeds

of Col. Bouquet, the gallant German-Swiss commander, the Scotch Highlanders and Colonial Volunteers, that formed the little army of deliverance, deserve to be held in grateful and everlasting remembrance by all the descendants of the thousands of pioneer settlers in Western Pennsylvania and Virginia, who were then delivered from the horrors of savage warfare. Had such deeds of valor, and such inspiring associations been connected with any spot in New England, the Yankees would have made it pay long ago in more ways than one. Bouquet's battle-field, near Bushy Run, a few miles west of here, should be hallowed as historic ground, and honored by the erection of a monument that would vividly call to remembrance the deeds of the dauntless heroes who consecrated it with their blood and valor one hundred and nineteen years ago."

In the latter part of October, the battle of Bushy Run was brought prominently before the public in the bi-centennial celebration at Philadelphia. Rev. Cyrus Cort, who was in the city at the time, wrote an article on his return home, which was published in all the Greensburg papers. We give the following extracts as bearing directly on the subject in hand, and because the article helped greatly in preparing the way for the celebration which came off, as suggested, on the succeeding anniversary of the victory of Bouquet:

The battle of Col. Bouquet with the Indians at Bushy Run in 1763, formed a prominent feature in the gorgeous tableau that paraded the streets of Philadelphia on Wednesday night, October 25th, during the great Bi-Centennial celebration. Comparatively few of the spectators were well enough posted in the colonial history of the Keystone Commonwealth to understand or appreciate the representation which held so conspicuous a position in the grand pageant Even so well informed and cautious a paper as the *Ledger*, spoke of it next day as a fight beween the British soldiers and the early settlers! It seems that Major Beane received the suggestion from Mr. Stone, the Librarian of the Pennsylvania Historical society, who considers the victory of Bouquet over the Indians at Bushy Run, the decisive or turning point in the conquest of the vast region west of the Alleghenies by the Anglo-Saxon race. The representation was rather too much of an anacronism. British soldiers and Indians were armed with the latest improved modern rifles. The very essential Scotch Highlander and Colonial Volunteer, features of the conflict, were ignored in the tableau for lack

of proper costume for the characters, as the writer was informed by Major Beane. But certainly the Scotch societies, or the Caledonian club, that took part in Tuesday's parade, could easily have furnished this, and thus have made the representation much more correct as well as picturesque.

The point, however, to which I wish to call the attention of Westmoreland this time, does not concern the success of the tableau representation of the battle of Bouquet so much as the importance of the event itself, and the rich historical treasures that necessarily cluster around the locality where that desperate and decisive conflict took place. Allow me in this connection to repeat a few sentences of my Hannastown Centennial address, delivered on the 13th day of last July:

[Here follow extracts already quoted from the Hannastown address which need not be repeated.]

The sentiments then expressed have been strikingly confirmed by the estimate of the learned Librarian of the Pennsylvania Historical Society, and by the unusual prominence given to the battle of Bouquet in the recent Bi-Centennial tableaux in Philadelphia.

In my monograph on Col. Bouquet, several years ago, I set forth the same views. It seems to me that it is high time that Westmorelanders, and the descendants of the Colonial settlers, should make an earnest practical effort to mark the battle-field of Bouquet, a short distance east of Harrison City, on the old Gongaware and Wannamaker farms. With the map of Hutchins, the royal geographer, executed soon after the battle, and published with Dr. William Smith's account of Bouquet's expedition, and with the aid of local traditions, this could be done without much difficulty. The little spring from which my great-great-grandfather Byerly carried a scant supply of water in his hat to the wounded Highlanders and volunteers, who were almost perishing with thirst during the two days conflict, would help to locate an important part of the field.

* * * * * * *

Old residents can easily designate the fields where the old forest trees contained so many bullets, when their land was cleared a generation or so ago. The exact route of the old road between Fort Ligonier and Fort Pitt could no doubt be definitely fixed at this point, so as to help determine the exact locality of the battle. The committee having charge of the Soldiers' Monument enterprise, of which, I believe, Gen. R. Coulter, Hon. Jas. C. Clarke, Gen. Thos. Gallagher and John Armstrong, Esq., are members, could not only locate the outlines of Bouquet's battle-field, but would be a very good committe to receive funds and devise a suitable monument in honor of Col. Henry Bouquet and his gallant army of deliverance.

* * * * * * *

The proposed soldiers' monument to Westmoreland military heroes might be so designed as to commemorate Colonial heroes like Bouquet,

Revolutionary heroes like St. Clair, War of 1812 heroes like Markle, or Major Andrew Byerly, (whose command defended Commodore Perry's fleet while it was being built on Lake Erie), Mexican war heroes, &c., as well as the heroes of the latest and greatest of our American wars.

* * * * * * *

At all events, I trust that suitable efforts will be made at an early day, to define the main features or outlines of Bouquet's battle-field. Vice President Jourdan, of the Historical Society at Philadelphia, called my attention to the fact that Bancroft or some other standard author, stated that the scene of Bouquet's battle was unknown. I remarked that the statement was not correct, and that the battle was fought in the heart of Westmoreland county, a short distance east of Harrison City. Bullets, bones, &c., had in former days, been found there in great numbers, and the local tradition, together with the map of Hutchins, would enable any intelligent person to locate the battlefield. I am confident that the Pennsylvania Historical Society would cheerfully give room in their valuable magazine for any communication on the subject which such a committee as I have designated might choose to make. In this way justice might, in a measure, be done to the memory of the departed heroes, while at the same time a pilgrim shrine would be erected in the grand old county of our nativity, that would increase in interest and importance as age after age rolled by. Might not the next 4th of July, or the 5th or 6th days of August be made memorable by a celebration, sham battles, speeches, &c., that would give the movement a successful impulse? Judging from the interest he manifested in the monograph on Col. Henry Bouquet, several years ago, and more recently in one on "Baron Steuben and his relations to the Reformed Church," I believe Adjutant General R. C. Drum would honor and grace such an occasion with his presence if invited by such a committee.

So also, public spirited Westmorelanders from all parts of the county, and from all parts of the Union, many of whom have become distinguished in civil and military life, would esteem it a privilege and pleasure to take part in such a demonstration. Let us begin at the beginning in this matter of commemorating the deeds of departed heroes and benefactors whose names are linked inseparably with the history of old Westmoreland. Thus can we best secure proper remembrance and honor in the end for the scarred veterans and heroic dead of our late war, and at the same time stimulate intelligent interest and generous emulation in the minds and hearts of the rising generation. The fame of their illustrious men is one of the noblest heritages of a people. Those who will not gratefully cherish the names and deeds of heroic ancestors and benefactors, will scarcely do aught that posterity will delight to honor. For the sake of the living champions of constitutional liberty and union, and for the sake of unborn generations, no less than for the sake of the illustrious dead of Colonial days, I trust that Westmorelanders will do speedy and ample justice to the memory of Colonel Henry Bouquet, and the 1763 army of deliverance.

GREENCASTLE, Franklin Co., Pa., Oct. 30. CYRUS CORT.

The county papers generally favored the proposed celebration and articles furnished by Rev. C. Cort and Hon. Jos. H. Kuhns in furtherance of the movement were, from time to time, published in the Greensburg *Daily Press*, and in several of the weeklies.

April 25, 1883, a committee consisting of Rev. C. Cort, S. A. Kline, Esq., Maj. J. M. Laird, A. B. Kline, Esq. and Curtis Gregg, visited and located the Bushy Run, or Edge Hill battle-field in its main features, and selected a grove covering the same for the proposed celebration.

MEETING IN THE GREENSBURG COURT HOUSE.

On the following evening a public meeting was held in the Court House at Greensburg, to arrange for the celebration. Ex-Governor Latta presided, and General Coulter and Hon Jacob Turney acted as vice presidents, with Maj. Laird, Frank Vogle and Curtis Gregg as secretaries.

In an address of over half an hour, Rev. C. Cort reviewed the career of Col. Bouquet, and described the battle of Bushy Run and its far reaching results. He urged the propriety of getting up a celebration at the next anniversary of Bouquet's victory on that bloody field. Bouquet as the champion and chief builder of the Forbes road, from Bedford to Fort Pitt, in 1758, had rendered signal service to the province of Pennsylvania.

A committee consisting of Revs. Love, Moorhead and Lucien Cort, and Philip Kuhns, Dr. Kline and A. M. Sloan, Esq., presented a series of resolutions providing for the celebration by religious services of a commemorative nature, in all the churches of the county, Aug. 5, and by addresses, poem, military display and pic-nic dinner in the grove on Bushy Run battle-field, Aug. 6, 1883.

Committees were appointed as follows:

Committee of Arrangements to secure and prepare grounds for the celebration: Amos B. Kline, J. B. Laux, Lewis Wannamaker, E. F. Houseman, Lewis Gongaware, William Moore, Mr. Shadwick, Jos. Clark, Robert Byerly, Wm. G. Shuster, Abner Cort.

Committee on Finance: Jas. Gregg, Esq., Geo. F. Huff, Capt. J. J. Wirsing, Dr. Sowash, Wm. B. Skelly, Paul Lauffer, David Snyder, Jno. Rankin, Sebastian Baer, Esq., Hon. N. M. Marker, H. F. Ludwig, Esq., Hon. John Hugus, and George Plumer Smith, of Philadelphia.

Committee on Invitation: General R. Coulter, Hon. Jos. H. Kuhns, Hon. Jacob Turney, Hon. John Latta, Maj. James M. Laird, G. D. Albert, Esq., John A. Marchand, Esq., Dr. Frank Cowan.

Committee of Reception at Bushy Run on Monday—viz: Hon. John Latta, Hon. James R. McAfee, Col. Geo. F. Huff, John Kuhns and A. D. McConnell, Esqs.

The chairmen, R. Coulter, Jas. Gregg and Amos B. Kline, were appointed an executive committee to fill all vacancies and have a general oversight of the celebration.

A few weeks previous to the celebration, Rev. C. Cort published, by request of the executive committee, a pamphlet of one hundred pages on "Col. Henry Bouquet and His Campaigns." This document was received with words of hearty commendation by the religious, as well as secular press, German and English, in Pennsylvania, Ohio and New York. Lengthy extracts from it were inserted in the Pittsburg dailies a few days before the celebration took place. In this way the name of Bouquet and Bushy Run became familiar to thousands who had never heard of them before, and a deep interest was created in the approaching celebration. Thus, too, the questions of some of the Pittsburg dailies two months previous, "Who is Bouquet, What Did He Do," &c., were measurably answered in a way that raised the subject far above the plane of ridicule.

Amos B. Kline, with his colleagues on the committee of arrangements, did their work well. With the assistance of County Surveyor Wm. Miller, John Kuhns, Esq., Ed. Potts, Louis Wannamaker and Rev. C. Cort, the battle-field was definitely located and the exact positions of Bouquet's troops and their savage assailants, clearly indicated. The first and second positions of the troops; the lines held respectively by the Highlanders, the Royal Americans and Provincial Rangers; the location of the pack horses, the cattle and the Flour Bag Fort, occupied by the wounded, in the two days' fight were definitely marked with flags and handboards, and pointed out as they had not hitherto been for a hundred years.

THE GATHERING OF THE CLANS—AUGUST 6, 1883.

All the necessary preliminary arrangements having been completed, the friends and promoters of the celebration awaited the dawning of the memorable 6th of August, 1883, with anxious hearts. It came bright and beautiful, as balmy and propitious a day as could have been desired for such an occasion. And never did the sons and daughters of Old Westmoreland turn out in such a vast and magnificent array as they did on that memorable day. Old and public-spirited citizens like Gen. Thos. F. Gallagher, who had attended all important convocations of our people for a generation past, declared that the concourse assembled on Bouquet's battle-field, Aug. 6, was by far the largest and grandest of them all. It was the largest assemblage of any kind ever convened in Old Westmoreland, and by far the largest of the kind ever convened in Western Pennsylvania. Estimates of the numbers present vary greatly, ranging from 8,000 to 25,000. Dr. Samuel Stewart, who had considerable army experience, named the latter number. It was estimated that between 2,500 and 3,000 vehicles were on the grounds or in the groves, fields, fence corners, &c., within a circuit of two miles. A large number of hacks ran during most of the day from Manor and Penn Stations, and thousands footed it from the railroad and neighboring towns. At Irwin, business was largely suspended, and L. Kunkle, with four Percheron horses, hauled on a large wagon, seventy-two persons to the battle-field. All other vehicles had been engaged weeks ahead.

"What would Colonel Bouquet have thought of this," exclaimed Ex-United States Senator Cowan to General Beaver, as they met at the outskirts of the crowd, on the General's arrival. It was indeed a mighty host to honor the memory of Bouquet and his Army of Deliverance, on the very scene of their heroic achievements, after the lapse of 120 years. If the ovation was long in coming, it made up in a measure for the delay by its splendid character and magnificent proportions. It was worthy the man and the occasion, and did high honor to Old Westmoreland, the mother of counties, and the mother of the great majority of

those assembled on the historic field, in social and patriotic communion.

THE ORGANIZATION OF THE MEETING.

A large stand had been erected in Gongaware's woods by the committee of arrangements, on part of the old Bushy Run battle-field. The stand was tastefully decorated with American flags and with several flags of the Swiss Republic, loaned for the occasion by the Swiss consul at Philadelphia. The coat-of-arms of the Cantons of Berne and of Vand, the home of Bouquet, painted on large metallic shields, with their brown bears and motto, "Liberte et Patrie," held a conspicuous place. Relics in large numbers from Provincial and Revolutionary times, covered the tables. Prominent among them was a bayonet, found in a clearing on the battle-field, in good state of preservation, two years ago. Amos B. Kline, Esq., chairman of the committee of arrangements, called the meeting to order at half past ten o'clock, and nominated General Richard Coulter as presiding officer. The General made a short speech as follows:

GENERAL COULTER'S REMARKS.

Gentlemen and Ladies: You all know the object of this meeting. We are here to commemorate the memory of a brave and skillful commander, and a military achievement that had far greater influence in determining the character of the Western end of the State, than any event of later years. In the stirring times of later wars, the battle of Bushy Run had been forgotten. Its importance had not been appreciated, and it received but a small share of the attention which it deserves. But I am not going to make any speech. It is my duty to see the programme carried out.

Prayer was then offered by Rev. B. F. Boyle, of Irwin.

On motion of Dr. Frank Cowan, a committee consisting of Geo. D. Albert, Esq., Rev. Cyrus Cort and E. B. Kenly, was appointed to prepare a memorial of the celebration.

The following is the list of vice presidents and secretaries:

Vice Presidents: Hon. Jos. H. Kuhns, Hon. Jas. C. Clarke, Greensburg; Robert M. Cavett, Irwin; Samuel Rock, Esq., Adamsburg;

Daniel Kuhns, Jno. C. Rankin, Jacob Gongaware, Jesse Brinker, Penn township; Jacob Rugh, J. J. Hazlett, Esq., Hempfield township; Dr. Jas. Fulton, Salem borough; H. M. Jones, Salem township; Dr. Rugh, Finton Torrence, Franklin township; Obediah McKeown, Washington township; John Townsend, Allegheny township; Isaac Irwin, Burrell township; Jonathan Whitesell, Bell township; Robert Fostor, Loyalhanna township; General Thos. Gallagher, John M. Stewart, New Alexandria; David Brown, Samuel Gorgas, Derry township; Col. John Oursler Col. Geo. Anderson, Latrobe borough; Col. John Johnston, James Rogers, Unity township; John Fausold, Mt. Pleasant township; Capt. Wm. Jordan, O. P. Shupe, Mt. Pleasant borough; Jacob Stoner, Huntingdon, East, township; Samuel Bell, Dr. Sutton, Huntingdon, South, township; Dr. Patton, Hon. E. C. Leightty, West Newton; Maj. M. M. Dick, Geo. Waltz, Sewickley township; Geo. Campbell, Cook township; John Hubbs, Samuel McLain, Donegal township; Howard Covode, Hon. John Hargnett, Ligonier borough; Col. David Hoover, Frank Ford, St. Clair township; Hon Daniel Kaine, Fayette county; Dr. J. M, Service, Dr. Kerr, Philadelphia; Robert Paul, Rev. T. R. Ewing, Indiana county; I. W. Hughes, Bedford county; Hon. Thos. J. Bigham, Francis Torrence, J. P. Fleming, Hon. J. E. Parke, Allegheny county; Robt. L. Johnson, Esq., Hon. D. J. Morrell, Cambria county; Hon. Ed. S. Golden, John W. Tohner, Armstrong county; Simon Hughes, Esq., Edward Scull, Somerset county; John T. Shryock Zanesville, Ohio.

Secretaries: Frank Vogle, Greensburg *Democrat;* Jas. B. Laux, Greensburg *Press;* E. V. B. Laird, Greensburg *Argus;* D. S. Atkinson, Esq., Greensburg *Tribune and Herald;* Thos. J. Keenan, Chas. Shryock, Pittsburg *Times;* Geo. H. Welshonse, E. C. McCurdy, Pittsburg *Dispatch;* J. G. Blair, Daniel Robinson, Pittsburg *Chronicle;* Robt. W. Herbert, Pittsburg *Post;* L. M. Ackley, Pittsburg *Commercial-Gazette;* I. M. Newcomer, Scottdale *Tribune;* Chas. Fink, Latrobe *Advance;* E. C. Hough, West Newton *Press;* Jas. B. Sanson, Indiana *Democrat.*

At this time the scene was a very animated one. An immense assemblage stood in front of the grand-stand, eight brass bands, from Greenburg, Latrobe, Ligonier, and other localities made the welkin ring with their martial and patriotic strains. It was with difficulty that General Coulter succeeded in silencing some of them, so as to enable him to proceed with the programme.

He then introduced Rev. C. Cort, of Greencastle, Pa., who made the opening address, as follows:

ADDRESS OF REV. CYRUS CORT.

Ladies and Gentlemen, Friends and Countrymen: We have longed to see this day, and we now see it and are glad. We have met in the leafy grove, under heaven's blue arch, in this temple not made with hands, to honor the memory of Colonel Henry Bouquet and the 1763 Army of Deliverance. The skies are bright and the heavens smile upon us. It is right and proper that we should leave our shops and our stores, our mines and our farms, to mingle thus in social and patriotic communion. It is high time, indeed, that this should be done. Greensburg should have been called after Bouquet. Many of your sons should have been namesakes of the gallant Swiss hero, to whom we all owe so much. Instead of this many living in sight of this historic field of his triumph, were ignorant of the first A B C of his history. Even the little village called after him, a couple of miles up the Manor, some of you used to spell with one "u," and two t's, and two e's, (Boquette) instead of *Bouquet*, as the grand warrior wrote it.

But all this dense ignorance has passed away, and even some of the Pittsburg newspaper men, who inquired a few months ago, "Who is Bouquet?" are beginning to get some light into their darkened understandings. Let the good work go on. Every gallant young man ought to have a button-hole forget-me-not bouquet on his coat to-day, and every young lady ought to have the beau without the quet—only let them take care that they have not too many strings to their bow, or too many beaux to their string. One is enough, if he is good, and too many if bad.

But all jokes aside.

I am heartily glad to see you here to-day. This is indeed a grand assemblage of the beauty and chivalry. Fair women and brave men of Old Westmoreland, and honored citizens of the Republic from abroad, distinguished in the forum and the field, are here to grace and honor the occasion with their presence—men who have poured out their blood like water on the battle-fields of the Republic.

As a grateful and progressive people, we dare never forget the toils, the dangers and hardships of our pioneer an-

cestors. The wilderness has been turned into a fruitful field and the desert made to blossom like the rose, but it was by the sweat and blood of brave and hardy men ; the fruits of whose labor we now enjoy.

This is hallowed ground, and sacred are the memories that cluster around this spot. One hundred and twenty years ago, this very forenoon, the representative champions of Christian civilization and human progress made the gallant charge around and through this grove that rolled back the exulting hosts of barbarism. Here was executed that masterly stratagem that shattered the right flank and front of the encompassing host of savages. Here was broken the eastern wing of Pontiac's great conspiracy. Here it was that Bouquet plucked the flower of safety and success from the nettle of danger. Here, from the very jaws of defeat, disaster and death, he snatched a glorious victory. Here the die was cast and the stakes were lost, and lost forever, by the impetuous confederates of Pontiac. Here was fought and won the battle that decided Anglo-Saxon supremacy in the Valley of the Mississippi. Here the kilted and plaited Highlander, from Caledonia's hills, the red-coated Royal Americans (mostly of German and Swiss extraction), and their comrades, the Provincial Ranger, from East Pennsylvania and Maryland, all fought side by side, and triumphed under the masterful leadership of that superb officer who hailed from the Alpine Mountains of Republican Switzerland. This is indeed hallowed ground on which we stand to-day.

> "A shrine to code nor creed confined,
> A Delphian vale, a Palestine ;
> A Mecca of the mind."

All true-hearted men and women will delight to honor the memory of the gallant heroes who fought and fell on this bloody field. But we, who are the beneficiaries of their self-sacrificing toil and valor, we, in whose veins flows the blood of Scotch-Irish and German-Swiss ancestors ; above all, we, whose pioneer ancestors were rescued from the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the blood-thirsty savages, we, my countrymen, one and all, may well unite in paying homage to the memory of the brave men who consecrated

these hills and these vales with their blood and their dauntless courage 120 years ago.

> "The land is holy where they fought,
> And holy where they fell."

The lofty example of heroism, the steadfast devotion to duty even unto death, the magnanimous response to the cries of panic-stricken settlers and of beleaguered frontier garrisons in deadly peril, the virtues that exalt and adorn human nature, which were illustrated on this gory field in trying days of yore, dare not be forgotten—all this is full of instruction and inspiration.

"There is a spirit in man, and the inspiration of the Almighty giveth him understanding."

"Man shall not live by bread alone, but by every word that proceedeth out of the mouth of God."

The Almighty gives us words of direct revelation as we have them recorded in the Sacred Scriptures, and words of Providential manifestation in the unfoldings of history; words of solemn import and energizing power for all who have ears to hear and eyes to see. Ideas and sentiments, such as come from ennobling historical associations and surroundings, are more to be prized than silver or gold. They enter into the warp and woof and become part of the texture of communities and nations.

And here to-day, my countrymen, we gather for ourselves and our children some of the rich, historic treasures of the past, and we catch an inspiration in contemplating the worthy deeds of departed heroes and benefactors of the human race. Life is flat and stale and monotonous, indeed, when it lacks sentiment and enthusiasm—I mean enthusiasm in the true sense—the stirrings of Deity within us, prompting us to realize high ideas of manhood and womanhood in whatever sphere Providence may call us to occupy.

"Without enthusiasm nothing truly great was ever achieved," says Senecca, the greatest of heathen moralists. It gives rapture to the poet, heroism to the warrior, devotion to the martyr, ardor to the patriot, lifting them above their narrow selfishness into the plane of superhuman effort and consecration.

The will, the intellect, yea our entire being in body and

soul must be enthused with grand ideas of truth and duty if we shall ever effectually help forward the race in its ceaseless efforts to reach the final goal of history and humanity.

A stagnant and treadmill existence, indeed, is that of the Mongolian and other Orientals who are largely destitute of sentiment and enthusiasm.

But we, who represent a cosmopolitan population; we who belong to the great Republic of the New World, which embraces in one vast national existence all the historic tribes of humanity, the kindred streams of the great Teutonic or Indo-Germanic family of nations, we must gather and cherish the achievements of by-gone ages and especially those that so deeply concern our own life and history.

Only by learning aright the lessons of the past can we go forward with safety and courage in the future. Rooted and grounded in principles and sentiments that have stood the test of the ages we may take hostages of futurity and march in the vanguard of human progress. Then, as Tennyson has expressed it:

"Not in vain the distance beacons forward, forward, let us range;
Let the great world spin forever, down the ringing grooves of change;
Through the shadows of the globe we sweep into the younger day;
Better fifty years of Europe Than a cycle of Cathay * * *
Oh, I see the crescent promise of my spirit hath not set;
Ancient founts of inspiration well through all my fancy yet."

Yes, one year of American life full of vigorous thought and progress is better than a thousand years of monotonous treadmill Oriental existence.

Civilization, and especially Christian civilization, makes history possible. The red men roamed through these forests for countless ages, but their lives and their labors were like water spilt upon the ground which can never be gathered up for the benefit of others. No reliable records have they to show the pit from which they were dug and the rock from which they were hewn—hence fundamental elements of progress and improvement are lacking.

Great men lived before Agamemnon but they had no Homer to sing their praises and immortalize their deeds, and so far as instruction and inspiration to others are concerned they lived and toiled and struggled in vain.

In order to be true to ourselves and those who shall come after us, we must cherish and record the deeds of those who have gone before us as the master spirits of our race. Among these the pioneers who took their lives in their hands to carve out homes for themselves and their children, dare not be forgotten.

The muse of poetry and the muse of history must be invoked, as we have invoked them here to-day, in behalf of one of

> "The few, the immortal names
> That were not born to die."

The contemplation of noble characters and great achievements is in itself ennobling. It lifts us out of the narrow rut of our own selfishness into a higher and purer atmosphere.

Anniversary commemorations, orations, poems, historical records, monuments such as I hope to see crown these hills in honor of Bouquet, these enshrine, crystalize, and localize, great and decisive events.

They are educational and stimulating to the young in the highest degree. As the soul of Thucyides was enthused with the lofty resolve to emulate the works of Herodotus when he heard them read for the first time at the Olympic games, so amid such scenes as these the young and gifted sons of genius feel within them the kindlings of high and honorable effort.

"Immortal fame is a grand thought,
It is worthy the toil of the noble hearted."
"Fame is a spur to brave and honest deeds
And who despises fame will soon renounce the virtues that deserve it."

But fame must have an enduring basis of genuine worth and merit; fraud and falsehood vitiate everything that they touch. Not only the makers, but the lovers of lies, shall be excluded from the company of the blessed in the New Jerusalem above. We must love and seek truth as the jewel of the soul, as the pearl beyond all price, as that which allies us to the great and omnipotent Jehovah. Justice and judgment are the habitation of His throne, the place where His Honor dwelleth.

The poorest widow, with a just cause, is stronger before

the final tribunal of history and of God than the mightiest monarch that ever sat upon an earthly throne. "The hypocrite's hope shall perish." "The refuge of lies shall be swept away." There is a Nemesis of History which sooner or later avenges the wrongs of the past and vindicates with just judgment the inexorable claims of truth and righteousness.

The locomotive may take the place of the pack horse, the four horse reaper and steam separator may take the place of the sickle and the flail of our forefathers, the telegraph may take the place of the express rider, and ten thousand other improvements be made in art and science and material industries, but the old-fashioned principles of morality and religion are unchangeable, and eternal "Jesus Christ is the same, yesterday, to-day and forever." "The holiest among the mighty, and the mightiest among the holy, who with His pierced hands has lifted empires off their hinges, turned the streams of centuries, and still governs the ages."

As Julia Ward Howe has expressed it in the Grand Battle Hymn of the Republic :

> Let the Hero born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
> He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat,
> He is sifting out the hearts of men before His judgment seat ;
> O, be swift, my soul, to answer Him; be jubilant my feet.
> In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
> With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me,
> As he died to make men holy,
> Let us die to make men free,
> While God is marching on.

Yes, make men free! free in the highest and noblest sense of that word.

"He alone is free whom the truth makes free, and all are slaves beside."

For the sake of religious principle, our forefathers came to this new world, and we are degenerate sons of noble sires if we barter away the precious birthright. Let us be true to the God of our fathers, and He will never forsake us.

Men and women of Westmoreland, and all good people here assembled, this is a great day, a "red letter day" in the history of our grand old county.

Here, on this ground, hallowed by the blood and struggles of the Swiss and the Scot, on this historic field of Edge Hill and Bushy Run, let us dedicate our lives anew to the sacred cause of Christian civilization and constitutional liberty.

Bouquet was a free-born Switzer. In the land of Tell and Winkleried he breathed the air of freedom. In the armies of the Dutch Republic, the pioneer of our own great Republic, he gained his first laurels and won distinction. His sword was always drawn in behalf of the land that best represented the cause of civil and religious liberty.

He sincerely loved the British Constitution, the principles of Magna Charta, dear to every Anglo-Saxon heart. He indignantly resigned his high position in the King's service, when he thought it involved some degree of humiliation, which he, as a high-souled man, could never brook.

For what he was in himself, for what the poor Swiss boy from the shadow of the Alps made of himself as the peer of the greatest and best among the foremost nations on the face of the earth; for what he did for us and our pioneer ancestors, we commend his example, we honor his memory and invoke for him an undying fame.

"Cold in the dust the cherished form may lie,"

As it has lain for lo! these 118 years, in an unknown grave in the sunny South.

"But that which made this man and men like him, can never die."

With Pericles and Edward Everett, we may say of illustrious men, "the whole earth is their sepulchre, and all time the millennium of their glory."

Oh, land of the brave and free!
Bright as the noonday sun,
Long as your streams shall run,
Let the fame of the Switzer be.

The papers state that Rev. C. Cort spoke in a loud, clear voice, and was frequently applauded.

General Coulter then introduced the poet of the day, who delivered his production in good style, as follows:

THE POEM OF DR. FRANK COWAN.

THE BATTLE OF BUSHY RUN.

What! Poet, wouldst thou sing of war?—of human strife and slaughter?
Of severed limbs and shattered bones?—of heart's-blood shed like water?—
Of Murder in its maddest mood, agasp with fiery breath,
Leaving the world without a sun, a blackened waste in death?

Aye, wouldst thou, in this Christian land, extol the God of War?—
Or Scythian Sword, the Roman Mars, the Scandinavian Thor,
Or Mexic monster, Hindoo ghoul—whatever it may prove,
Forefend against it, Jesus Christ, thou God of Peace and Love!

Yea, Man of Peace, I sing of war!—of butchery and blood!—
Heads hot with rage, hearts hard with hate, and hands with gore imbrued!—
Destruction crushing into dust the noblest forms of earth
Th' Eternal and the Infinite unite in giving birth!

Yea, war! red-handed, raging war! in its most direful form;
The struggle for existence in a fierce organic storm!
The lightning's flash, the dart of death, the sword, the barb, the ball!
The thunder's crash, the vanquisht's groan, the victor's shout o'er all!

Sublime, thou call'st the storm at sea, the wind and wave contending,—
Sublime, the earthquake suddenly the very mountains rending,—
And the volcano belching fire and smoke for miles afar,—
But what are these but bubbles when compared with human war!

Consider, for a moment, MAN, the all-involving world
Turned outside-in in flesh and blood, and into action whirled—
Sphere crushing sphere, sun burning sun, an universal jar!—
And thou canst measure if thou wilt the majesty of war!

But why this eulogy of war, this bright and happy day,
Within this peace-appareled wood, in holiday array,
Where men and women, boys and girls, commingle without strife,
As if with darkness Death had left the world to light and Life!

Here, where we stand, the battle raged: the hosts contending, those
Whom time and place and circumstance had made relentless foes—
The Civilized and Savage man—the White and Red of hue—
The East and West of place of birth—the Old World and the New!

A symbol battle of the world! A race opposing race,
Expanding in significance throughout all time and space;
The victory declaring for the good above the evil,—
Life over Death,—Heaven over Hell,—a God above a Devil!

In proof whereof, The Continent, from one sea to the other,
To fifty millions of mankind a mighty nation-mother!—

Her breasts outnumbering countlessly the dugs of the Diana
The old Ephesians painted black—Earth bearing Man and Manna!

A mother to increase until exhausted with old age,
Five hundred million sons or more in civil strife engage—
Depopulating cities, states—leaving the land a prey
To those by might and worth decreed, a better race than they!

So Rome and Greece, and Egypt fell—the glories of an age,
In the unfinished book of time a multilated page;
Like ox and ass with broken backs, their usefulness outlived,
The world the better for their death, their ultimate achieved!

So Turkey, China fall to-day—their masses much more fit
To mingle with the mundane mud than to emerge from it;
Like the Great Auk and Dodo, or the Saurians of the Past,
The world the better for their bones in solid stone encased!

Then let the cheer go round and round, for war, relentless war!
That purifies the planet till it glows a heavenly star!
Sweeping away the weak and vile—as in this very wood—
Leaving the globe a heritance to him of worthiest blood!

Aye, let the cheer go round and round, in honor of the few
Who on this field of battle won a New World for their due—
This glorious Land of Liberty! the worth-reward of Man!
AMERICA, the Mighty, where HE IS THE KING THAT CAN!

This closed the literary exercises of the forenoon. It was now after twelve o'clock and the meeting took a recess for dinner.

DINNER.

In families and groups of families the vast assemblage partook of a pic-nic dinner in the grove and adjacent fields. Everybody seemed to be in excellent spirits and a grand good time they had of it. The trip to the battle-field, the bracing and balmy air and the pleasurable excitement of the occasion added a relish to the repast by increasing the keenness of the appetite. The lemonade and restaurant stands did a thriving business. Not a few persons lost their friends in the crowd and had to depend upon some good Samaritan for rations. Rev. Cort, in a vain attempt to find his commissary stores, ran across Gen. Beaver and his three boys who had just come upon the grounds. The General's horses were provided for in Wannamaker's barn and the

party then set out in search of friends with whom they expected to get dinner. But it was a useless seach amid that seething mass of humanity. Messrs. Hazlet and Stark, with their families, had just finished a sumptuous repast but had plenty and to spare. The overplus they kindly placed at the disposal of the General, the preacher and the boys, all of whom heartily enjoyed their improvised meal at the edge of the grove. The General then made a rapid survey of the field of battle, springing along so nimbly and rapidly on his crutches that his clerical guide had hard work to keep up as he sought to explain the respective positions of Bouquet's Highlanders, Royal Americans and Rangers on the one hand and that of their savage assailants on the other. All this while Col. Geo. F. Huff, ex-Gov. Latta and other members of the Reception Committee were on the lookout for Gen. Beaver in order to furnish him escort and entertainment. The afternoon proceedings, however, brought all speakers and committees into right relation with each other at the grand stand.

A little Indian (Guyatau or Guito) of the Seneca tribe, from the Cattaraugus Reservation, under the care of Mr. Gibson, of Dunbar, Fayette county, Pa., was on the stand, dressed up in full Indian costume and attracted great attention. Guyasutha, the chief of the Senecas located in Ohio, was the leading spirit among the Indians in this battle and in the siege of Fort Pitt and subsequently in the attack on Hannastown. (See appendix). Hence this little copper-colored, dark-eyed Indian, with tomahawk and other war-like equipments, was looked upon as a representative of the vanishing race of red men who made these woods hideous with their war-whoops 120 years ago to-day. Guyatau or Guito is seven years old and a smart looking Indian boy. In striking contrast with him in appearance and historical association there sat with his mother on the same platform, a few feet distance from Guyatau, Ralph Bouquet, a fair-skinned, light-haired, rosy-cheeked, blue-eyed white boy, the four-year-old son of Rev. Cyrus Cort, and the great-great-great-grandson of Andrew Byerly, the founder of Byerly's Station at Bushy Run about 1760, and an important actor in the bloody drama enacted on these hills in

those trying days of yore. Andrew Byerly was one of the advance guard of eighteen who received the first fire of the savages, Aug. 5, 1763, on Gongaware's hill—twelve of the eighteen fell—two companies of the Highlanders rushed forward to the rescue when the conflict soon raged, not only in the front, but on both flanks and the rear, for the savges had completely surrounded Bouquet and his little army. Byerly rendered valuable service during the fight, and at the imminent risk of his life, carried water in his hat to the wounded Highlanders famishing from thirst during the terrible night of suffering and suspense between the two days of conflict. (For fuller notice of Andrew Byerly, &c., see pages 23, &c., 51, &c., of pamphlet on "Col. Henry Bouquet and His Campaigns.")

AFTERNOON PROCEEDINGS AND SPEECHES.

The appearance of General Beaver on the platform, created great enthusiasm among the assembled multitude which had now crowded together again in front of the speaker's stand.

The sea of smiling faces, the thousands of handsome and well dressed ladies and their gallant escorts, parents with their children, beaux with their sweethearts, sitting and standing among the forest trees and anxious to see and hear the one-legged hero, whose blood had been poured out so freely on so many battle-fields of the Republic, presented a scene never to be forgotten by those who were privileged to behold it. Visitors from a distance spoke with admiration of the fine appearance and excellent behavior of the people. Everybody seemed happy and anxious to promote the comfort and happiness of their fellows. There was one drawback, however. Eight brass bands were scattered through the grove, and each of these bands seemed to think that they ought to be heard whenever they felt like blowing their horns. Rev. W. W. Moorehead, of Greensburg, Pa., had offered an appropriate and fervent prayer, and General Coulter had introduced General Beaver amid the applause of 10,000 enthusiastic people. But still the bands kept tooting away. By extra effort on the part of his aids, com-

parative quiet was secured, and General B., in a pleasant manner and loud, clear voice, proceeded to speak as follows:

ADDRESS OF GENERAL JAMES A. BEAVER, OF BELLEFONTE, PA.

Ladies and Gentlemen:—I confess to you that my coming here to-day has been more for my own gratification and instruction than with the hope or for the purpose of saying anything either to gratify or to instruct the good people of Westmoreland county. My boys and I have driven more than 160 miles from our home rather for the purpose of learning what Westmoreland county is, and what has been done by your ancestors both for you and for us, than for the purpose of adding to your knowledge of history or of the men who made history, or of increasing the pride and intensifying the interest which you must have in the historical associations which crowd around this locality and this occasion. (At this point the music of a brass band almost drowned the speaker's voice, and he laughingly exclaimed: "There is too much of this thing; I never could blow against a brass band." The crowd joined in a hearty laugh and General Coulter leaning far over the railing toward the unruly musicians shouted: "Are there not enough good people out there to stop that band?" But the band played on. The crowd still seemed to enjoy it. Gen. Beaver after waiting a minute turned to those in the immediate neighborhood and said: "Coulter forgets that he is not commanding a brigade; there was a time when he could say to a brass band, stop, and it stopped; play, and it played; but that time has gone by, my old friend, the brass band is on top." Renewed laughter.) Order being finally restored the speaker continued:

Coming from our home in Bellefonte south of Bedford, and then turning westward, we endeavored to follow the old military road that was laid out for General Forbes by Colonel Bouquet (or rather by Col. Burd under Bouquet's supervision), to Ligonier which was afterwards extended by Washington to Fort Pitt. We were unable to follow its immediate route altogether, inasmuch as it has been replaced by roads with better grades which cross it; but following

the same general direction we gathered enough to see, and in some measure to understand how the men who established our civilization were compelled to toil and to march, and to suffer in order that we might enjoy the civilization and the advantages which we have to-day. It is a wonderful inspiration for a Pennsylvanian who has some knowledge of the history of this general locality to come over these mountains, and recall as he crosses them how much our fathers labored and suffered and wrought out in toil and blood in order that they might hand over to us the great heritage of civilization and of freedom which we enjoy, and which we are bound to preserve and hand over to our children and children's children. I have lately re-read some of the history which relates to the expedition under the command of Col. Bouquet, which left Bedford with the design and for the purpose of relieving the beleaguered garrison at Fort Pitt. It is a wonderful story, full of romance and daring, but I do not propose to go into its historical details. All who are here have doubtless heard of the gallant commander of the expedition, Col. Henry Bouquet. He was a man of the most wonderful versatility and varied acquirements and of undaunted bravery, and yet, of such wisdom and gentleness that he was enabled to secure the co-operation of the people of the eastern part of the State, who, it must be confessed, were at that time a little "twisty" and unwilling to give that cordial help and co-operation in military campaigns that were absolutely necessary to secure the full fruits of victory. Bouquet, by his wisdom and gentleness quite won the admiration of our Quaker population in the eastern part of the State, and succeeded in procuring with their apparent sanction the necessary votes of supplies and men which enabled him to make his subsequent 1764 campaign, which brought permanent peace to the frontier settlers until the war of Revolution began. This is not the time nor the place, nor does it fall to my province to recount the details of the campaigns of which the battle of Bushy Run was a part, nor yet to sketch the life and character of the gallant commander who displayed such heroic bravery and wise intelligence in making the dispositions of his forces, which enabled him to win immediate victory upon the field which

is in our sight. There are certain practical questions which grow out of this event which, it seems to me, press upon our attention, and should receive our careful consideration. Go to yonder hill-top and picture if you can how this wise, brave Swiss Colonel protected his 340 pack-horses and their drivers (for those of you who had experience in the army will readily understand that the drivers were harder to manage than the horses), and surrounded on all sides by hordes of savages, who were confident of the scalps and supplies of the little army which they had surrounded, not only saved his transportation and supplies, but by skillfull manœuvring and brave fighting after a two days' battle drove the savages from their well chosen position, and finally gained the object of his expedition. No stretch of our imagination can picture to us the kind of warfare which was carried on to protect our fathers against the savage hordes who were trying their utmost to blot out the little spark of civilization which was lighted in this Western region, and which the early settlers were than trying to fan into a flame. Those of us who have some knowledge of modern warfare and some experience in the late war so happily ended, can scarcely conceive of the situation in which this little army of Bouquet was placed.

You remember, my comrades, that if we did not have about three days' rations in our haversacks, and fully five days more in the wagon train, and if we did not have further, a railroad or a river by which to bring up our supplies, and a telegraph line to keep us in communication with the outside world, we were supposed to be in danger of being cut off and "gobbled up." But here is a man with less than a thousand men; aye, with less than half of that number, who struck out from Bedford across the mountains by a road which had been constructed some five years before, who left his wagon train at Fort Ligonier and started thence with all his supplies upon pack-horses with his rangers, his Royal Americans, his Highlanders and his Light Infantry through the wilderness to relieve the beleaguered fort at the junction of the Allegheny and Monongahela rivers. The mode of warfare is so thoroughly foreign to our present conceptions of military operations that no stretch of the

imagination, I say, can enable us to comprehend what was involved in the campaign to which we have referred, and which was carried to such a successful issue by Col. Bouquet. My admiration for the man, however, has led me to wander, and I come back to the practical thought which I wish especially to present, which is this: that as the men whom we have in mind to-day lived and labored, and some of them laid down their lives for us and for what we hold most dear to us, so we are to see to it not only that what was left us should be preserved and handed down to our children, but that their memories should be perpetuated in an enduring way, so that our children and our children's children may learn what was done on these hills, before the remembrance of it has faded out of the minds of men and localities can no longer be clearly designated. We, in Pennsylvania have less of local pride and of interest in our local history than have the people either of New England or New York; as a consequence, many localities full of historical and romantic interest are unmarked and comparatively unknown. We have in this State a society known as the Historical Society of Pennsylvania, whose headquarters are in Philadelphia. It is doing a vast amount of good in preserving the early records of our settlers, and publishing them through the medium of the *Pennsylvania Magazine.* This society, however, is unfortunately largely local in its agencies and ends, and therefore local in its results. Its aim is to reach out through the entire State and to enlist the interest and co-operation of men in every section. Unfortunately, however, it has been unable so far to do this as fully as we could wish. Although I live east of the Allegheny mountains, we, of that locality are classed and have come to consider ourselves as belonging to Western Pennsylvania. It would be much better if we could co-operate with the society of which I have spoken, but if this cannot be done, we should undoubtedly seek to co-operate with a similar society which has been organized in Pittsburg for the benefit of that locality and, I take it, for that of all Western Pennsylvania. Through one or the other of these agencies not only should what has been written with reference to this battle be preserved, but the relics which remain of it and

everything which relates to it should be gathered and deposited under their auspices.

Here is a bayonet; it formed a part of the equipment of one of the Highlanders, doubtless, before whose terrific bayonet charge the Indian gave way. It should be placed where it would become an object lesson to all beholders of the fight at Bushy Run and should stimulate inquiry in regard to that battle and those who took part in it. Local historical societies in connection with either one or the other of the greater societies already named, should be organized in our several localities so as to co-operate with them and secure for them just such relics as I have mentioned. The place where the battle was fought should be so marked that coming generations would have no difficulty in telling where it is and learn through its monuments of the heroism of those who won its great victory. Monuments which would serve tell not only where the battle was fought and the victory won, but who fell in the fight, and who they were and what they did in winning it. We are brought face to face to-day with this bit of colonial history. We learn more than we have ever known perhaps of Col. Bouquet and his little army—of their bravery and of his wisdom and courage; and yet he has largely dropped out of American history as it is learned by the masses of this generation. Over these hill-tops his name ought to be perpetuated. Through the influence of this day the memory of his achievements should be revived; and their influence in shaping the welfare of this region gratefully recalled. One of the boasts of my lineage is that I am mainly of Pennsylvania German stock. There is good reason perhaps, why the memory of Col. Bouquet and his followers is so little regarded. Following his campaigns, came the exciting events which culminated in the war of the Revolution. That, of course, to us Americans was the great event in our history. Our interest centres in that, and our American historians are more interested in preserving the names of the men who participated in it, than those brave spirits who served the mother country in the Indian wars which preceded it. This perhaps, is the reason why the memory of Washington, St. Clair and Mad Anthony Wayne over-

shadows, and their achievements overtop, and to a great extent blot out the memory and achievements of this brave German-Swiss. We have a history of which we need not be ashamed. Let us be interested in preserving it and making it known to the world and to our descendants. We owe it to those who made the history; we owe it to ourselves; we owe it to those who are to come after us. Let us therefore co-operate with Judge Parke and Mr. Bigham and the other gentlemen who have come here from Pittsburg and are interested in preserving the historical records of this region of Western Pennsylvania.

It is a great pleasure, I assure you, to join with you in the commemoration of this great event. I see not only Westmoreland, but Armstrong, Allegheny, Fayette and other counties represented on these grounds. Such gatherings are good, not only because they remind us of what others have done and suffered, but because of the social features which surround them, and other opportunities thus afforded for renewing old friendships and making new ones. Gratefully mindful of the men and the achievements of the past, true to obligations of the present and trustful as to the future, let us gather up the lessons of to-day, and carry them with us as an inspiration and an incentive in the life which we are to live for the benefit not of ourselves alone, but of those who are about us and are to come after us.

At the close and also frequently during the progress of his speech, the sentiments of General Beaver were greeted with hearty applause.

Hon. John E. Parke, of Pittsburg, president of the Western Pennsylvania Historical Society, delivered the following address on the French and Indian war and the causes that led to the same, &c.

ADDRESS OF JUDGE JOHN E. PARKE.*

PONTIAC'S PLOT.

We have been called together this day to celebrate one of the most important and interesting events connected with the history of our country. On this spot, sacred to the memory of the past, one hundred and twenty years ago, the gallant and accomplished Col. Henry Bouquet, with his heroic little band of Highlanders and Anglo-Americans, having passed the rugged and dangerous defiles of the Allegheny, arrived at Bushy Run, August 5, 1763.

The prominent events connected with Bouquet's expedition, and their subsequent development into permanent settlements, the ingredients of which are of the highest importance in perpetuating the fame of these gallant men, who left the confines of civilization to brave the dangers of an unknown country, the simple outline of which, when drawn with fidelity, possess marvelous interest to the student of nature. The elaboration of these events I will leave to others more competent to do justice to the subject.

The imagination fails to conceive incidents more romantic, than those which sober truth reveals in the career of those who penetrated the Western wilds in order to create new homes for themselves and families, impelled by those powerful motives of human action—ambition and a love of liberty.

In the career of many of the early adventurers, we see these passions overruling all others. They stand out in bold relief as grand heroes worthy of a representation in the annals of the country. In the delineation of their deeds, and of those who follow after them, who occupied what they had won, by faith, courage and indomitable perseverance, are prominent features in the picture. These were the necessary elements of success in the wide and dangerous fields of adventure, and were ever present in great abundance when required in laying the foundation of their future homes.

*Judge Parke had engaged to secure the attendance of W. D. Moore, Esq., of Pittsburg, but that gentleman was unable to fulfill the engagement, and upon a few hours' notice, the Judge was obliged to prepare himself to fill his place.

Many of the events which have rendered Western Pennsylvania conspicuous in the history of the past, leave their impress on the mind of every American citizen. They pass before us as a mighty vision, making us feel the poverty of language and weakness of eloquence when startling realities are to be described.

Old Westmoreland, whose vast territory at an early day extended so as to embace nearly all the territory lying westward from the foot hills of the Alleghenies to the Virginia borders, may be justly styled the Mother of the Western Counties, and her soil was among the first points selected by the hardy pioneer and venturesome scout to commence the work of civilization.

Here all the embarrassments of a new settlement were encountered. The terrible conflicts with the cruel and treacherous red men, isolation from society, cut off from aid and intercourse with the Atlantic seaboard, were evils of no ordinary magnitude.

The rugged passes of the Alleghenies then presented a formidable barrier, and the traveler who passed them, found himself, as it were, in a new world, where he was compelled to defend himself or perish. A continual conflict was waged between the sturdy pioneer and his implacable Indian foeman. These conflicts were for life and all that made life dear, and were, however, only marked individual acts of heroism, which produced none of those events affecting national greatness, which it is the province of the historian to record. They will, therefore, find no place in the annals of our country, yet it is to be hoped, nevertheless, that the indomitable reporter will start out in quest of traditionary lore, who will patiently listen to the reminiscences of hoary-headed men, and laboriously glean the frail and fragmentary memorials of other days.

Then will the hardy pioneer and gallant conqueror of the country, of which we are so proud, find a place, if not with heroes of history, at least with heroes of romance.

The early exploration of Westmoreland county by these avant couriers of civilization, of which there is no authentic record, are well calculated to excite an interest in the breast

of every American citizen, especially those to the "manor born."

We can scarcely realize the wondrous changes that have occurred in our midst, even within the compass of our own recollection. Before the introduction of steamboats, or street railways were invented, ere the lightning telegraph and telephone had annihilated space, or the steam horse rendered distance a myth, a long time ago, to the Indian war-whoop and the midnight howl of the wolf, to the light of burning cabins, now succeed the sound of the steam whistle, the light of glowing furnaces, the sound of the ponderous engine, clang of machinery, and the whirr and clatter of the shuttle and cotton spindle.

Over this territory, hallowed by the memory of the past, the merciless red man roamed, and who claimed the country from the foothills of the Alleghenies to the great lakes of the North, over which he ruled, bidding defiance to his indomitable Anglo-Saxon foe.

The startling war-whoop, and the no less appalling cry of the panther, struck terror into the hearts of all who had the temerity to venture within the depths of the gloomy forests.

Westward through the wilderness led the great Indian trail to the mouth of the Beaver; thence in a northwesterly direction to Sandusky and Detroit; following the ridges, it passed through Trumbull and Portage counties, Ohio, clearly defined by stone-piles and marked trees. Near the confluence of the Mahoning and Shenango, forming the Beaver, another trail crossed, following a more westerly direction to the Tuscarawas branch of the Muskingum. Over these trails these wild denizens made their periodical raids, unchecked, towards the settlements, except when opposed by the avant couriers of civilization, the venturesome pioneer and brave and hardy scout. Notwithstanding the important treaties that had been made with them from time to time, they still continued their atrocities upon the defenseless pioneer, who had the hardihood to brave the danger consequent upon the settlement of an unknown country.

The memorable struggles between the legions of France

and the battalions of England for the supremacy in the great Northwest, during which time the gorgeous Fleur de Lis and the royal banner of St. George waved successively over the battlements of old Fort Duquesne, was happily determined by the peace of 1763. Negotiations with this view were entered into during the year 1762, and were finally consummated early in the following year. By the condition of the treaty, France agreed to surrender absolutely all her possessions in North America to England. Anticipating an early peace, the former made a secret covenant with Spain, ceding to that nation the territory of Louisiana,(in the year 1800 it was re-ceded to France, and in 1803 was purchased by the United States for $15,000,000), which at the time embraced a large portion of the Southwest. The object of this secret covenant was evidently to keep from under the control of their hereditary enemy, the free navigation of waters flowing through the Mississippi and Ohio Valleys within the ceded territory. This deception was not apparent during the negotiation; it was only made so at the time of the execution of the treaty. This covert disposition of the territory, which they failed to maintain by the prestige of arms, was a diplomatic trick, seriously involving their national honor, and which came near defeating the object. In view of the prostration of the country by the recent war, England resolved to accept the situation, trusting in their ability to acquire in the future the peaceful possession of the disputed territory.

With the restoration of peace, it was confidently hoped that it would forever end the troubles and difficulties with the Indians, who were, with a few exceptions, the allies of France. This, however, was a fatal mistake, as it proved the prelude to a most cruel and devastating war, destructive alike to life and property throughout the entire Western frontier. The contemplated and simultaneous uprising of the several hostile tribes was so unexpected that the outposts were in a great measure unprepared to repel successfully, their murderous onslaughts, except in the instance of the attack on Fort Pitt, Detroit and Ligonier.

Hitherto the Indians who had been held in subjection by the French had been won over by a doubtful diplomacy

and apparent kindness, so that the relations existing between them were of the most friendly character.

When, however, they discovered that they were to be handed over under the treaty to their foe, they indignantly refused to consent thereto. The onward and steady progress of civilization carried forward by the indomitable Anglo-Saxon race, assured them that submission on their part would end in extermination; to prevent such a calamity, then was the time to act, while the forts were feeble and wide apart, and the settlements scattered and thinly populated.

The war familarily known as the Pontiac war, so called because this great war chief was the genius who devised and inaugurated it, and who carried it on with that relentness, cruelty so characteristic of the North American Indian. Pontiac's personal efforts, however, were confined chiefly to the neighborhood around Detroit and the lakes, while the operations on the borders of the Ohio were entrusted to warriors equally fierce and unrelenting.

As far as the English and Colonists were concerned, the contests were principally confined to Forts Pitt, Detroit and Ligonier. All the frontier forts, except those three and Niagara, fell without an effort at defense, the latter was considered too well fortified to be molested, so that the three former were the only ones that successfully resisted the advancing tide of savage vengeance; whilst there was nothing left of the unfortunate garrisons and the settlements around them but a mass of smouldering ruins. Immured within the gloomy depths of a mighty wilderness, isolated from all intercourse with civilization, these gallant defenders not only maintainted their posts, but actually carried the war into the heart of the enemy's country, and, at the point of the bayonet, wrung from them an unwilling peace.

The movements, therefore, on these three forts, and the expedition that subsequently went out from them against the savages, comprises the entire history of the wars as far as it relates to our own military movements. The sparse and scattered locations of our frontier defenses through the vast wilderness lying between the great Northern lakes and the Ohio and Misissippi Valleys, were but rude log enclosures,

principally located on the lines of water communications, but frequently met with in the heart of the forests, garrisoned by a mere handful of soldiers, and the emblem of sovereignty floating above them, seemed more of burlesque than the distinguishing mark of a mighty and powerful nation. These forts, situated so distant from each other, were but mere dots in the interminable wilderness.

The presence and maintenance of these isolated outposts inflamed the spirits of the haughty chiefs, who had the sagacity to believe that if the struggle for the supremacy was maintained and accomplished by their foes, it would be the foreshadowing of the red man's coming fate.

To resist this encroachment on their rights, the head chiefs of the various tribes who inhabited the country, then only known and travelled by their own hunting and war parties, determined to crush out at once the power of their foes.

The Shawnees, Delawares, Senecas, Wyandots and Miamis, who considered themselves the exclusive masters of the territory, being moved by their hatred and fear of their Anglo-Saxon foemen, joined together in a common cause, in order to wipe out at once, by a simultaneous movement, the further progress of civilization.

Although rumors of this confederation occasionally reached the military authorities, they did not wholly ignore them, but rather treated them with a cool indifference, highly discreditable to their military education, for if prompt measures had been carried out on the first intimation of alarm, the sacrifice of life and the destruction of the outposts might have been prevented.

It was in consequence of this fatal indifference that when the storm burst upon the forts and defenseless settlements, it came like the mighty tornado, carrying terror and destruction as it sweeps its irresistible course.

The period of time selected by the tribe to carry into effect their purposes, evinced their profound knowledge and sagacity. Operations were delayed until the harvests were safely garnered, so that their foes with the provisions provided for their sustenance, might be destroyed at the same

time—thus clearing the wilderness of their foes, at least, for the time being.

Fort LaBœuf, on French creek, Venango on the Allegheny, Presque Isle, on Lake Erie, La Bay, on Lake Michigan, St. Joseph, Miami, Sandusky and Michilmackinas, went down in gloom one after another, with scarcely any resistance. Many of them fell by stratagem, and their garrisons were cruelly massacred ; others capitulated and shared the same fate ; out of all, only one, LaBœuf escaped. The defense of the latter proved futile, the Indians having succeeded in firing the adjacent buildings. The garrison took refuge in the woods, and ultimately escaped.

The royal banner of St. George, wherever it floated over mountain, prairie and stream within these vast domains, was stricken down. Forts Pitt, Niagara, Ligonier and Detroit still remained intact, and the hardy settlers who had escaped the murderous tomahawk and scalping-knife, fled for safety within their protecting walls. The intrepid trapper and venturesome trader were followed up with untiring zeal, and when taken, were horribly tortured and ruthlessly butchered in cold blood, in a manner only known and practiced by these human sleuth-hounds.

The stout pioneer in the clearng, and the loved ones in the log cabin, fell alike before the rifle and tomahawk.

The sound of the woodman's axe and the boom of the morning and evening gun of the lonely forts went down in silence together, and the fires of civilization and the smoke thereof, as it gracefully ascended above the tree tops, were extinguished in blood. Those who escaped the murderous raid left their rude homes to the torch of the foe, and sought safety in flight, carrying with them a tale of blood and cruelty, the bare recital of which filled the border settlements with terror and dismay. In the midst of these scenes of gloom and desolation, the indomitable defenders of Forts Pitt, Detroit and Ligonier watched with vigilance the movements of their treacherous assailants, thus assuring the safety of the forts, their flags gallantly spread to the breeze, the only emblems of Anglo-Saxon power and of civilization in a land now covered with teeming cities, girdled by the wires of the electric telegraph, and traversed by a mighty network of railroads.

Judge Parke was followed by Hon. T. J. Bigham, of Pittsburg, who spoke as follows:

ADDRESS OF HON. T. J. BIGHAM.

I have attended, I believe, all the historical celebrations in Westmoreland county of late years. Some years ago I attended the celebration at Greensburg, and I was at Hannastown one year ago. I am not in good health. My wife let me come here on condition that I would not make a speech. I am a native of this county, having been born at the other end of the manor. I was born and lived there until I went to college. My ancestors settled there about two years after this battle at Bushy Run. We did not celebrate the one hundreth anniversary of this battle, as the battle of Gettysburg occurred just about that time.

At the time of the Bushy Run battle this county was in Cumberland—the capital was Carlisle. At one time it included nearly the whole of Western Pennsylvania. This was all called Mother Cumberland, just after the battle of Bushy Run. I am in favor of preserving the records of the early history of Westmoreland. I am seventy-four years old and have been, next to Judge Parke, the most busily engaged in the old historical celebrations. There was one or two battles in Fayette county, by Washington, and one in Armstrong. Col. Armstrong led all Pennsylvanians to Kittanning, and destroyed that nest of Indians. I always like to attend these meetings if I am able to get out at all.

The old Residenter's Society of Pittsburg is designed to imitate the Historical Society of Pennsylvania. Judge Parke wishes to enlarge this society. Most people have lost a knowledge of the French and Indian war. A reporter came up to me and asked me about this war. I said "Is it possible that the young generation don't know anything about this war?" France claimed to have discovered the mouth of the Mississippi river, also the St. Lawrence. It was then a kind of rule that the nation that discovered the mouth of the river had the right to the territory which it drained. France claimed every foot of ground that she thought was hers, and named it New France.

Louis XIV., in the estimation of the French, was a grand

monarch, and he claimed all the country west of the Mississippi and Ohio. Louis XXV entertained the same idea. The English had settled east of the Allegheny mountains. The English charter included all the country from ocean to ocean. We passed through the country where Braddock was defeated in July, 1755, this morning. In 1758 William Pitt, after whom Pittsburg is named, was called to the helm of the British Empire. He was the greatest statesman of the last century; no European statesman excelled him. Before this time the armies in America had bad leaders. Pitt sent good men to take command. Wolfe and Forbes were sent over to fight the French and Indians. The war continued some seven or eight months and was ended just before the battle of Bushy Run. Great Britain never was so powerful as she was at that time. The whole of this country east of the Mississippi was owned by her. In India war was carried on, and the whole of that country, with a population greater than the United States to-day, was ceded to England. She was never so great a nation as at that time, not even after the battle of Waterloo, where the whole of Europe was repulsed. Our interests were with Great Britain, and I think if England had not succeeded in the French and Indian war we would not be as far on in industry and civilization as we are at the present time.

Pontiac is said to have led part of the force which defeated Braddock. He summoned his men and made a great speech, in which he told them that the Great Spirit had come to them and they resolved that they would destroy our ancestors. The tempest broke out in June. Guyasootha was the commander of the party which attacked this place. He was the principal man that led the warriors under Pontiac. Pontiac himself was besieging Detroit. It is not known definitely that Guyasootha was the commander in the battle, but it is highly probable he was here. I rejoice that Bouquet was successful. They attempted to play the same trick on Bouquet as they did on Braddock, but he turned the tables on them. They fought the whole afternoon of the fifth, night parted them and they fought the battle again the next day.

This place was a sort of half-way station between Ligonier and Fort Pitt. He intended to rest his men at Bushy Run

and march through the wilderness near Turtle Creek at night, where he expected to meet the Indians. At this battle he managed his men in two files. He then sent forward two companies to make the attack, but this was a failure.

The Indians supposed this to be a real retreat, and got out from the woods and then had to fight Bouquet's men on both sides. That was just the reverse of the position in which Braddock was. The Indians in the woods were formidable, but out of them the white man could get the best of them. Bouquet just re-acted Braddock's Field, but got the Indians into the trap. After they were driven back they fled away to the Muskingum country. Some time ago some young lawyers came in my office, and I asked them if they knew who Bouquet was? My son spoke up and said that he was a Frenchman.

I request that the people of Harrison City petition the Court to change the name of Harrison City to that of Bouquet. It would mean something to have Bouquet City instead of Harrison City.

From infancy I heard talk of the burning of Hannastown. Braddock forbid his men to get behind trees but made them keep in regular order, and in this way the Indians had the advantage.

Bouquet made another tour in 1764 into the Muskingum country to effect a treaty with the Indians in which he was successful. In 1765 he was sent to Florida. He contracted a fever there and died.

In 1762 all the country east of the Mississippi was ceded to the English. Pontiac did not hate the French as much as he did the English, for he knew they would not harm so much in the way of making settlements and in cultivating land. The Anglo-Saxons were industrious. My ancestors were Irish. If the French were industrious they could have found plenty to do in the Mississippi valley.

THE CONCLUSION.

When Judge Bigham's speech was ended the benediction was pronounced by Rev. D. B. Lady, of Manor, and the

literary exercises of the day were brought to a close between three and four o'clock in the afternoon.

Letters were received from distinguished gentlemen of our own and other lands, some of which are hereto appended.

REVIEW OF THE GRAND ARMY POSTS.

While Gen. R. Coulter was presiding at the speaker's stand during the delivery of the last two addresses, Gen. James A. Beaver, Gen. Thomas F. Gallagher, Col. John Johnston and other military men reviewed the Grand Army Posts on the top of Gongaware's Hill, the scene of the first day's fight between the Indians and the two companies of Highlanders and where a large number of Bouquet's men were buried at the close of the battle.

G. A. R. Post, No. 4, of Latrobe, arrived in the grove on Sunday evening and encamped there during the night. On Monday they were joined by two brass bands from that place and others of their comrades until their number reached about 50. Irwin Post, (190) mustering 75 men and headed by the Paintertown cornet band, and Turtle Creek Post, (199) with 25 men and a martial band, arrived early in the day. Later the Greensburg Post, with 40 members and a martial band, and Fort Ligonier Post, with 40 members and a brass band, reached the grove. Still later the Sewickley Cavalry, commanded by Capt. Samuel Bell and Lieuts. Millken, Martin and McCune, 70 strong, and headed by a martial band, rode up to the rendezvous of rejoicing. There were other members of Posts in neighboring towns and counties in attendance, but not as organizations. The excellent Salem cornet band and Citizens' band of Greensburg were likewise present and added their harmonious strains to the almost ceaseless flow of music during the day.

Headed by the Citizens' band, of Greensburg, the battle-scarred veterans to the number of about 300 with their respective bands, made a few evolutions around the hill-top and then marched past the Generals in fine style. They were followed by the Cavalry in picturesque costumes.

The distinguished reviewers expressed themselves highly gratified with the military display.

Shortly before the review began Rev. C. Cort introduced Revs. A. E. Truxal, John W. Love, Geo. H. Johnston, Thos. J. Barkley and A. B. Kline to Generals Beaver and Gallagher. As soon as the introduction was ended Gen. Beaver remarked: "Gentlemen, I am very glad to see you here and I appoint you all to act as members of my staff." Several of the clergy received orders immediately to clear the space in front of the General and his party so that the veterans could pass muster without being crowded. This was no easy task under the circumstances.

Col. Oursler, of Latrobe, and others deserve great credit for securing the presence of so many G. A. R. men.

Herewith we append some of the letters received by those in charge of the celebration.

LETTERS FROM PUBLIC OFFICIALS, &C.

PHILADELPHIA, Aug. 2, 1883.

To the Honorable Committee on Invitation for the Bouquet Celebration :

Gentlemen : Your kind invitation to participate in the celebration of the battle of Bushy Run, in honor of my distinguished countryman, Gen. Henry Bouquet, on the 6th instant, has come to hand in time. Please accept my sincere thanks for the same and believe me, it would afford me great pleasure, to meet you on such an occasion of intense gratification to my patriotic feelings. To see the history of another of my compatriots, who devoted his life and gallant services to the existence and security of this land of freedom in its early stages,—a republican by birth and spirit, instrumental in the early struggles of this great Republic,—drawn from oblivion and placed in its well deserved position before the people, cannot but fill my heart with pride for the hero of your celebration and with warmest thanks for the gentlemen who have taken in hand this noble task. While I, therefore, deeply regret to be prevented, by my arduous duties from accepting your kind and honoring invitation, I thank you gentlemen, all of you, who have the noblest interest, started and brought to a happy issue this timely and creditable celebration, from all my heart. I also convey to you my warmest thanks from the countrymen in my consular district and especially from the members of the Swiss National Festival Society, in this city, whom I have made acquainted with your object, and who, in their last meeting, by resolution, unanimously passed, have authorized and requested me to do so. With sincere hope and conviction, that your festival may be a great and complete success, I remain, gentlemen, very respectfully yours,

R. KORADI, *Consul of Switzerland.*

In a personal letter to Rev. Cyrus Cort, Herr Koradi

states that he has forwarded copies of the former's historical pamphlet to the Prefect at Rolle, the Chief of Department of Public Instruction at Lausanna, to the Federal Chancery at Berne and to the Swiss Legation at Washington.

EXECUTIVE MANSION, WASHINGTON, July 12, 1883.

My Dear Sir: The President desires me to acknowledge the receipt of your kind note of the 7th inst., inviting him to be present at the celebration of Bushy Run, on the 6th of August next, and to express his regret that engagements covering that date will prevent its acceptance. Thanking you in his behalf for the courtesy of the invitation, I am, very truly yours, O. L. PRUDEN, Sec'y.

R. COULTER, ESQ., Ch'm, etc., Greensburg, Penn'a.

WASHINGTON, July 17, 1883.

Sir: I much regret that it will not be in my power to accept your courteous invitation to be present at the celebration of the 120th anniversary of the battle of Bushy Run on the 6th of Aug. next. Very faithfully yours, J. S. SACKVILLE WEST.

R. COULTER, ESQ., Greensburg.

EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT, COMMONWEALTH OF PENNA.,
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR,
HARRISBURG, July 11th, 1883.

GENERAL R. COULTER, Greensburg, Pa.

Dear Sir: I am in receipt of your very kind invitation to attend the celebration of the 120th anniversary of the battle of Bushy Run, August 6th, and regret my inability to be present. Accept my thanks and believe me your obedient servant, R. E. PATTISON.

STATE OF OHIO, EXECUTIVE DEPARTMENT,
OFFICE OF THE GOVERNOR,
COLUMBUS, July 11, 1883.

R. COULTER, ESQ., Greensburg, Pa.

My Dear Sir: By direction of the Governor, I have the honor to acknowledge the receipt of an invitation to him to be present and participate in the celebration of the battle of Bushy Run, to be held on the battle-field on Monday, August 6th. The Governor is greatly obliged for your kind remembrance of him and regrets that engagements already made cover the dates named and will prevent his acceptance. Very truly yours, F. D. MUSSEY, Private Secretary.

WAR DEPARTMENT, ADJUTANT GENERAL'S OFFICE,
WASHINGTON, July 18, 1883.

R. COULTER, ESQ., Chairman:

Dear Sir: In reply to your invitation to General Drum to be present at the celebration of the battle of Bushy Run on August 6th, I beg to inform you that the General is at present absent on a "tour of inspec-

tion," and will not return to this city before the date named, otherwise I have no doubt he would take pleasure in joining the celebration.

Very Respectfully,

HENRY TURNBULL.

Letters of regret were also read from ex-Governor Hartranft; Mayor King, of Philadelphia; Hon. W. U. Hensel, of Lancaster, and Prof. Samuel Wilson, of Allegheny City.

APPENDIX.

IMPORTANT ADDENDA, LETTERS, ETC.

In response to enquiries sent by Counsul Koradi, through the Prefect of Rolle, to the custodians of the archives of the Canton Vand, at Lausanne, in Switzerland, Rev. C. Cort received some valuable data from Mr. J. Berney, the Chief of Public Instruction for the Canton Vand.

This came too late for the Bouquet pamphlet, for which it was desired, but we will insert the main points here.

In the Parochial Register of the Reformed Church of Rolle, the entry is made March 25, 1735, that Henry Bouquet had been examined, along with others, with a view to participate in the Holy Communion. His age is stated to be 16 years. This agrees with other data which state that Henry Bouquet was born in the year 1719.

It is further stated in this document of Mr. Berney, that Henry Louis Bouquet was the oldest of seven brothers; that he entered the service of Holland, in 1736, and afterwards passed into the service of Piedmont, where his brilliant career and intelligence attracted the Prince of Orange, who invited him to command a company of his guard. During the leisure hours of garrison duty, he cultivated the sciences and became intimately acquainted with distinguished professors in Holland, at the University of Leeyden, &c. From this, it appears that our hero had a middle name, which he seldom or never used. Louis Bouquet, evidently the uncle referred to in the will of Henry Bouquet (see page 76, of Bouquet pamphlet), became General Quartermaster and Lieutenant-Colonel in the Regiment Stuerler, in the service of the Netherlands, and renounced his citizenship of Rolle, April 14, 1750, and was discharged from his duties as a citizen, October 8, 1750, evidently with a view of be-

coming a citizen of Holland, where he had risen to distinction. Several members of the Bouquet family served with distinction in foreign countries, we are told; particularly in Holland, where, among others, one of his uncles was an engineer officer. This may have been Colonel Louis, already described.

The Bouquet family were citizens of Rolle, and one of its members belonged to the council of that town or city.

In the letter, forwarding the document, Consul Koradi writes:

"Just as I thought, when reading your very interesting pamphlet, in which you give such a clear and minute report of my countryman, that I wondered where you got all these details from; the report I got does not bring anything new. The only point of importance is the proof by it, that Henry Bouquet really was a native of Rolle, a Swiss from the Canton of Vand, and that Bouquet was his correct oirginal name; that, therefore, the suggestions of the Pioneer of Cincinnati, that he was a German, and his name Frenchified, from Strauss, into Bouquet, was wrong."

This was the conclusion arrived at, on other grounds, by Rev. Cort (see pamphlet, page 5).

The archives of Vand also state that:

"In 1754, the British government confided to him and fellow-countryman, Haldimand, of Yoerden (also in the Canton of Vand), the organization of a brigade, named the Royal American, into which he drew several other fellow-citizens of the Canton of Vand, among whom was DuFes, of Monden, and Vullgamott, of Lausanne."

Subsequent to the publication of the Bouquet pamphlet and the Bushy Run Celebration of August 6, 1883, Wm. M. Darlington, Esq., of Pittsburg, Pa., informed Rev. C. Cort that he had spent a good deal of time in an effort to ascertain the exact location of Bouquet's grave, at Pensacola, many years ago. He had an old drawing of the fort and barracks at Pensacola, made in 1772, which would seem to locate the grave and monument of Bouquet, if the exact position of the old barracks can be determined.

Mr. Darlington says that one of the principal clerks of the British Museum told him that the Canadian government paid a thousand pounds sterling, or five thousand dollars, for a manuscript copy of the Bouquet-Haldimand papers, which were presented to the British Museum by a grandson of Haldimand.

LETTER OF G. D. SCULL.

On page 83, of the Bouquet pamphlet, reference is made to G. D. Scull, an American resident of Oxford, England, who had collated some of the more important Bouquet papers for publication, a limited number of which, at ten dollars a copy, was to be printed at an early date.

The following letter from Mr. Scull to Rev. Cort, will be of interest in several respects. He had previously written that Bouquet was deserving of perennial remembrance, and he was delighted to learn of the proposed celebration at Bushy Run.

RUGBY LODGE, NORHAM ROAD,
OXFORD, Aug. 17, 1883.

DEAR SIR:—I am extremely obliged to you for the copy of "Bouquet and his Campaigns," received some days ago. I assure you, I have read it with great interest and pleasure. Of a certainty you are General Bouquet's qualified and well-appointed biographer. What a pity that your well directed search for his grave, at Pensacola, ended in total failure.

Lieut. Francis Hutcheson, in 1763, was with Bouquet in his expedition against the Ohio Indians, and acted, at times, as his secretary. Bouquet invited Hutcheson to go with him to Pensacola, where they arrived, and Bouquet was buried eight days after. He was appointed a Major of Brigades afterwards. Hutcheson acted as administrator to Bouquet's estate, at Pensacola, had a vendue, and brought up North the net balance in bills on London and New York—$3,566.03½—which was handed over to Colonel Haldimand. Among the items of expense are amounts paid six soldiers for carrying the corpse to the grave, $3. Left with Captain Valoe to finish railing around the General's grave, $30, and $11.05 for scantling round ditto.

Among the things put in an inventory, and which were probably handed over to Colonel Haldimand, are: A gold watch, with a seal, coat of arms and compass, a sum of coin, Johannes and ½ do., doubloons, guineas and ½ do., 2 negro men and 1 girl, 24 pieces of silver plate, 1 pipe of Madeira, 3 quarter-casks do., 2 casks Rhenish, 2 demijohns claret, cask of bottled beer, scarlet coat, with broad gold lace, scarlet, gold-laced frock and breeches, 18 pairs of silk stockings, 9 pairs thread do., 33 shirts, 10 white waist coats, 15 ruffled caps, 11 cotton do., 17 stocks, 4 pairs white spadderdashes, 1 plaid night gown, 1 silk night gown, 1 Huzzar cloak, 1 silver-mounted sword, 1 cutlass, 1 case pistols and furniture, 2 boxes containing 5 wigs, etc.

Major Hutcheson afterwards became Colonel Haldimand's private and military secretary. I am quite in the dark if anything has yet been done to bring out my Bouquet correspondence in Philadelphia. I am grievously disappointed at the result.

Very truly yours, G. D. SCULL.

Looking at matters from our modern standpoint, we may smile at the mention of some of the articles in the foregoing list. But Bouquet, like all other men, must be judged by his own times, and the customs of the age and country in which he lived. An inventory of the personal effects of George Washington and other Revolutionary patriots would not differ materially from the one given above.

The inventory confirms what we know from other data, that Bouquet was a generous-hearted host, a good liver and a man of elegant tastes.

CELEBRATION ITEMS.

Gen. James A. Beaver and his three sons arrived in Greensburg on Saturday evening, and stopped at the Fisher House until Monday morning, when they drove to the Bouquet battle-ground, where the General took part in the celebration. He was on his way to Conneaut Lake, where his brigade will go into encampment at the close of the week.

Andrew Byerly, of Sharpsville, Mercer county, a great grandson of Andrew Byerly, of Bushy Run fame, arrived in Greensburg on Saturday, on his way to Bushy Run, and was the guest of Ex-County Treasurer James Gregg.—Prof. Andrew Byerly, of Millersville Normal School, an establishment of seven or eight hundred students, is also a great grandson.

Mrs. Rev. Cyrus Cort, two sons—Paul and Ambrose—and cousin, reached this place at noon on Saturday, from Greencastle, in a carriage drawn by one horse. They came by way of Forts Bedford and Ligonier—the same road taken by Col. Bouquet and his army when on his way to relieve Fort Pitt. They were three days en route, the distance traveled being one hundred and twenty-five miles. They spent one night at Ligonier, the site of the fort by that name, where Andrew Byerly, the great-great-great-grandfather of Mrs. Cort's sons, was cooped up by Pontiac's confederates, after making a narrow escape from Bushy Run, where Byerly kept a relay station for express riders midway between Forts Pitts and Ligonier. Mrs. Cort joined her husband at this place, who arrived here by rail on Thursday morning last, accompanied by his four-year-old son, Ralph Bouquet, to help perfect arrangements for the celebration.

A bayonet used by the Royal Infantry, and found on the Bushy Run battle-field by C. Gongaware in 1881, and presented to Rev. Cyrus Cort, of Greencastle, was on exhibition. It is in a good state of preservation. The blade part is sixteen inches long and bears the appearance of having been a very formidable instrument of war.

OLD BOB, THE WAR HORSE.

The celebrated war horse upon which Col. George Covode was shot and killed, is here. He is owned by W. H. Covode, Esq., of Ligonier. He is now 32 years old, and was through the following engage-

ments: Gaines Mill, Charles City Cross Roads, Hedgeville, Antietam, Markham Station, Kelly's Ford, Middleburg, Gettysburg, Upperville, Shepherdstown, Trevillian Station, Todd's Tavern, Sulphur Springs, Deep Bottom, St. Mary's Church, Ream's Station, Stony Creek, &c. Col. Covode rode Bob around Richmond twice, during which he was shot in the neck, the only wound the horse received.

That intrepid son of Mars, Colonel Rogers, divided the Indian honors with Guito, the Seneca youth. The valiant Colonel was gotten up as a great brave in a fearful and wonderful costume, with rings, feathers and a great battle-axe as ornaments. To attempt a description of his outfit would be to essay to "paint the lily." It is enough to say that his make-up was purely and typically Rogerian and that he was the observed of all observers.

Captain Samuel Bell, of South Huntingdon township, with a company of 100 uniformed men on horseback.

A delegation of five arrived from Irwin on bicycles.

J. V. Stephenson, Adison Barnhart, Harry Huffman, Eli Beck, Joseph Guffey and B. J. Johnston arrived at 9 o'clock on bicycles.

Several amusing incidents occurred while the surveying party were engaged in marking the battle-field.

John Layton (colored) assisted at the work, and his mind was evidently quite wrought up by hearing details of the fight. He gave vent to his feelings by such exclamations as these: "I tell you what, didn't William Penn and his soldiers have a hard time of it here? What terrible sufferings our ancestors had to go through," &c.

After hearing the story of Kuykyuskung, (pages 40–42 of Bouquet pamphlet), some of the boys concluded to have a little fun and do some marking on their own account. Accordidgly they marked a board as follows, and nailed it to a large oak tree by the roadside, and near the scene of Bouquet's final strategic movement so disastrous to the savages: "Here one bloody injun, Kookyoosti, was kilt." A great crowd surrounded that tree on Celebration Day, and many pieces of its bark were taken away as relics.

The large Swiss national flag with its red field and white cross in the centre, presented a fine appearance, as did also the smaller one with its gilt fringing.

MONUMENT COLLECTIONS.

A number of gentlemen were furnished with subscription lists to get contributions for the monument proposed to be erected to Col. Bouquet and his army on the battle-field. But it seems very little was done for this laudable object, except by some of the citizens of Irwin and Stewartsville and vicinity, who, besides raising $56 to help defray expenses of the celebration, also gave forty dollars ($40) toward the monument fund. This $40 with a goodly part of the $56, were given by descendants of Andrew Byerly, of Bushy Run. If

Greensburg, Penn., Harrison City, Manor, and other places would do as well in proportion, a granite memorial column would soon crown the summit of the battle-field, which would permanently identify the place and perpetuate the memory of the decisive conflict and the gallant heroes through all coming time.

Several hundred dollars more are needed for this monument fund, which we trust the public-spirited citizens of Western Pennsylvania will contribute at an early date. A grand work has already been accomplished by the celebration of August 6, 1883, and the various publications relating to Bouquet which it called forth. But without the monument the projectors and advocates and actors in that commemoration feel that the main object of their endeavors remains to be realized. This fund is in charge of General Coulter, Amos B. Kline and James Gregg, (Treasurer), of Greensburg, to whom contributions may be safely entrusted. Furnish them $300 more, and the monument will be put up, and a grand dedication service will bring to a fitting conclusion the praiseworthy efforts to honor the memory of Henry Bouquet and the 1763 Army of Deliverance. One way of helping the cause is to circulate the pamphlet relating to Bouquet, his campaigns and the celebration of the Bushy Run victory. As the *Freiheit's Freund*, of Pittsburg, stated in one of its issues, these pamphlets "ought to be put into the hands of every school boy and girl in Pennsylvania." As a limited number of copies have been printed and the work not stereotyped, the time will probably soon come when they will be as rare and expensive as Bouquet's original narrative, a copy of which recently brought upwards of fifty dollars. And yet without them no Pennsylvania library can be considered complete. Their preparation has been a labor of love on the part of him who has borne the chief burden of toil and expense from a sense of gratitude to the noble Swiss hero who rescued his ancestors from the tomahawk and scalping-knife of the merciless savages. But thousands of others in our Keystone Commonwealth, yea, all over this great Republic, are also greatly indebted to Henry Bouquet, and should esteem it a duty and privilege to help perpetuate the memory of his noble character and his heroic deeds.

GUYASUTHA.

The reputed leader of the savages at Bushy Run battle and the siege of Fort Pitt, was Guyasutha, the chief of a band of Seneca Indians located in Ohio, who, along with the Mingoes, belonged to the Ioquois or famous Six Nations, from Central and Western New York. His name is spelled in half a dozen different ways. As a young brave he went with Washington from Logstown to LaBœuf in 1754. He was a leading character in the conference with Gen. Bradstreet when that conceited officer was hoodwinked by the wily savages near Lake Erie in 1764. A few weeks later he had to deal with a different style of man in his conference with Col. Bouquet on the Muskingum. His eloquent and politic speech on that occasion is given in the Bouquet pamphlet, page 68. In April and May, 1768, he was leading actor at a conference at Fort Pitt. When Washington descended the Ohio in 1770 Guyasutha visited him and was recognized as one of his companions in 1754.

In 1775, two days after the Westmoreland patriots had promulgated their Declaration of Indpendence, on May 16, at Hannastown and Fort Pitt, Guyasutha, who had just returned from Niagara, held a conference at Fort Pitt with Majors Trent and Ward and Captain Neville. Capt. Pipe, a Delaware chief, and Shade, a Shawnese chief, and several other Shawnese, took part. Guyasutha announced that the Six Nations and their allies in Ohio would remain neutral during the impending war between the British and the American Colonists. He said: "Brothers, we will not suffer either English or Americans to pass through our country. Should either attempt it we will forewarn them three times, and should they persist they must abide the consequences. I am appointed by the Six Nations to take care of this country, that is, of the Indians on the other side of the Ohio, and I desire that you will not think of an expedition against Detroit, for, to repeat, we will not suffer an army to pass through our country."

In 1782, July 13, Guyasutha led the attack on Hannastown. He seems to have been the greatest leader of Pontiac's Eastern confederates, but had his forces shattered at Bushy Run by Bouquet, after the best contested battle ever

fought by the red savages on American soil. In view of his prominence, the war is sometimes called "Guyasutha's War," as well as "Pontiac's War." Finally, he died near Pittsburg, at an advanced age, leaving his name to the beautiful plain on the Allegheny river, where his remains now rest.

Neville B. Craig gives most of the foregoing facts in his History of Pittsburg (pages 136–9), and was personally acquainted with Guyasutha, when he tarried superfluous on the stage a striking emblem of the decayed condition of the Six Nations, as in the prime of life he had been a fit representative of their power and glory. Once the Iroquois carried dismay to all the savage tribes between the Atlantic and the Father of Waters, and between the Gulf of Mexico and the great Lakes of the North. Yea, to French and English alike, in Canada and the United States. They were the recognized lords of the savage wilderness, and exacted tribute from the powerful Catawbas and Cherokees in the distant South, who traveled along the war-path through the wilds of Westmoreland, from year to year, with tokens of obeisance and servitude to the great Council House at Onondaga. And thus, like the old Romans, their power and glory, founded on rapine, has departed, in spite of all their superior courage, energy and governmental genius.

CONCLUDING REMARKS.

A shade of sadness comes over us as we bring this memorial volume to a close. A number of public-spirited citizens, who took part in the celebration, and who were most highly gratified and warmest in their congratulations over its success, have passed away since that memorable sixth of August, 1883. Hon. Joseph H. Kuhns, who seemed to renew his youth in his efforts to promote the commemoration; General Thomas F. Gallagher, the stalwart hero of Gaines' Mills and South Mountain; Dr. Samuel Wilson, who was stricken down with fatal disease on the eve of the celebration, in which he fondly hoped to take part; ex-Senator Cowan and others, distinguished in forum and field, have passed across the river. This is a solemn reminder that we, who remain, "should be up and doing," to finish the work so grandly begun.